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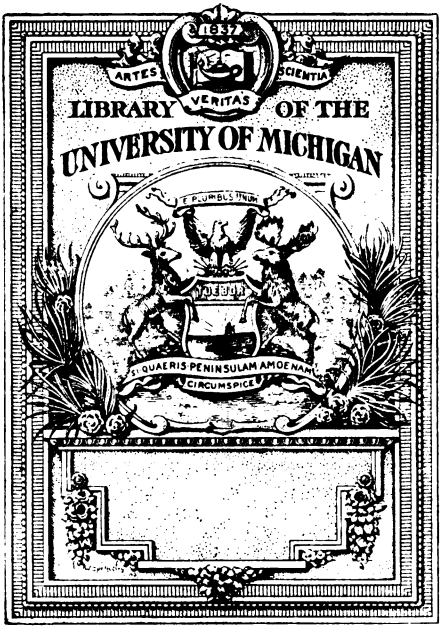
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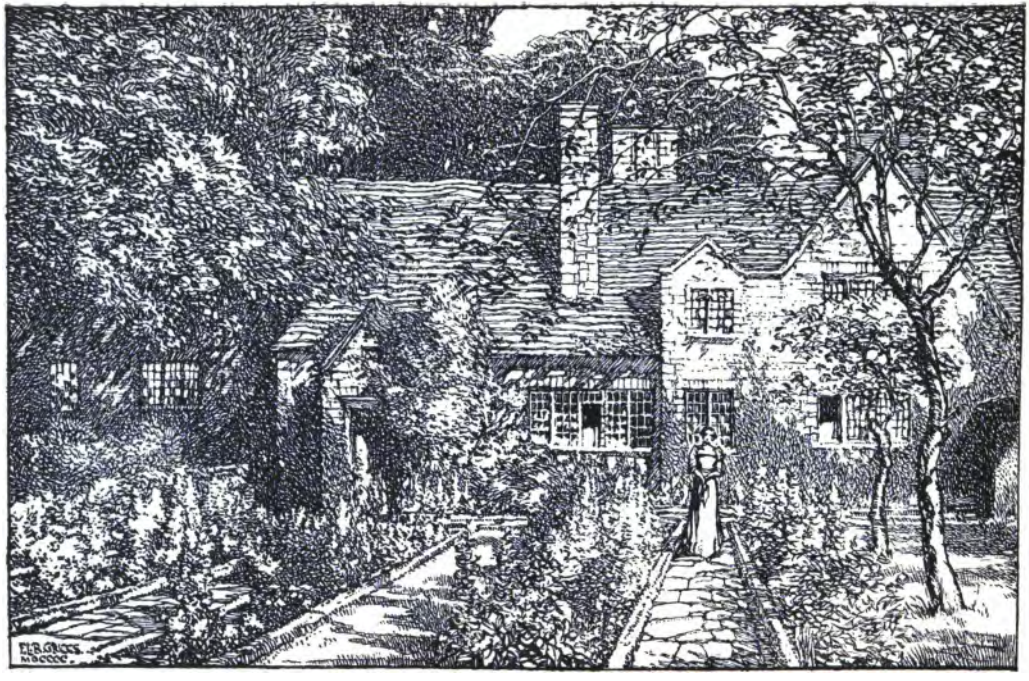


FLOWERS AND FRUITS

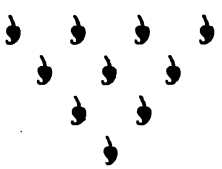
THE CHRONICLE OF A CORNISH GARDEN

BY

HARRY ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AN
IDEAL GARDEN BY

F. L. B. GRIGGS



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TO THE GARDENLESS
THE LEISURELESS TOILERS
OF THE WORLD

"By nature we nearly resemble one another; condition separates us very far."
CONFUCIUS.

Rockwd. MD. 11-3-36

CONTENTS

The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden:

Christmas	*Page*	17
January		25
February		33
March		45
April		55
May		69
June		83
July		107
August		125
September		135
Late Autumn		149
Works on Gardening		159
Winter-Blooming Plants		163
Border-Plants		169
Hints on Rock-Gardens		175
Room-Plants		179
Hardy Fruits		183
Bee-Keeping		187

270020

ILLUSTRATIONS

Flowers and Fruits	*Frontispiece*	
My Lady's Garden	*Page*	39
The Lily Pool		63
Pot-Pourri		89
Ivy and Honeysuckle		99
Topiary Work		119
The Yew Avenue		141

PREFACE

THIS little work appeared during the year 1898 in the pages of "The Gardeners' Chronicle." The fact that Dr. Masters, the critical editor of that admirable paper "The TIMES *of Horticulture," considered these studies worthy of a place in his columns, has induced the author to republish them, with Dr. Masters' permission, in the form of the present book.*

CHRISTMAS

THE garden whose chronicle I both keep and partially make is no realisation of Baconian ideal. Its "contents" fall very, very far short of "Thirty acres of ground. . . . Foure acres being assigned to the greene, six to the heath, foure and foure to either side, and twelve to the maine garden." Quite otherwise, my little plot is materially but a small piece of ground enclosed by low walls on all sides; and, when I took possession of it four years ago, a more hopeless, irregular, poverty-struck patch, covered as it was with bind-weed, couch-grass and other weeds, it would tax the utmost patience and ingenuity to discover.

My predecessor took no interest in gardening, and considered the possibilities of the situation not such as to merit much expenditure of labour or money. And truly it did look a hopeless task to extract much beauty from it. But I thought of

The Chronicle of

Virgil's contented old Corycian, who acquired possession of a few acres of waste land which was not worth ploughing, of no value for pasturage, and quite useless for vine-growing; yet by steady perseverance and hopefulness this genuine old gardener made things grow everywhere, and was enabled to cover his supper-table with dainties of his own growing. He was always able to pick the earliest rose in spring and the first autumn fruit; and, even when gloomy winter cracked the ground with hard frosts, he still had flowers in sheltered nooks with which to cheer himself and nourish his bees.

Unfortunately, I had not even come into a few acres of neglected land, but I saw that, if I were to maintain my interest in gardening, and show myself to be a worthy descendant of the veteran of the Georgics, I must make the best of what I had until such time as Fate should give me the garden which my mind has ever imaged.

So, first of all, I thoroughly broke up the ground, cleaned it of weeds as far as possible, and incorporated a heavy dressing of manure. I saw that it was useless to hope that the weeds were conquered, so I decided to grow nothing for a season but vegetable crops, which would necessitate

the ground being dug and cleaned a few more times. I took time by the forelock, however, and planted a number of pyramidal fruit-trees in the autumn. These have now developed, and will, I hope, yield me a good crop next year. Continual forking, digging, manuring, and weeding, have now made the soil such as will produce fruit and flowers. Paths have been made, and borders have naturally been produced; seeds have been sown, and bulbs planted; a small greenhouse and frame have been built, and the little waste-plot looks like an adjunct to a human dwelling.

As the garden is entirely overlooked by every passing train—the railway arching over the valley on whose slope my garden lies—I have planted some standard fruit and other trees to cut off that view as far as may be. You see, I am English, and like to ply my hobby in privacy. For I hold that a garden is a place whither one should be able to retire from the *profanum vulgus*—like a private study, like even silence itself, in that we may thence defy the outside world. This, then, is an aim which the true gardener should bear ever in mind, for no garden can afford a substitute for the beauties of unsullied Nature. The grandeur and glory of the forest, the

hill and the plain are quite other than anything which the garden can give. This is as certain as the truth that no library can serve as a substitute for the world of men.

The profound emotion that we term melancholy, which grand scenery produces, is absent from the garden effect. Gardening, on the other hand, is calculated to breed in its devotees a feeling of quiet content, mainly—we may suppose—because it is constantly telling the gardener of his power in obtaining desired and beautiful results. Yes, full as much as angling, gardening is truly "the contemplative man's recreation." Raising giant flowers for competition at flower-shows is scarcely the kind of thing I mean. The gardening which attracts me is on a footing with old Isaac Walton's fishing. I like to be my own gardener, and I take an interest in my plants as individual living things, as well as bits of beautiful colour and form. I like to see a plant grow and develop, to study its distinctive features and their causes, and to read about it and so learn what others have observed. A small, convenient and healthy house, a large and well-situated garden, a good library gradually accumulated, a small competency—and

what more in the way of physical possessions can the contemplative man require?

Hardy plants alone possess much interest for me. Plants in pots savour too much of the pet-bird idea. Keeping a loose domestic dog or cat is one thing, but keeping a lark or even a canary is quite another. Besides, I like my plants to establish relations with definite spots in the garden. It is pleasant to feel that the fading Crocuses will come again in the same spot next year; that the Snowdrops may be expected to brighten the base of the Pear-tree each spring with increasing effect. Therefore I have planted my garden with Roses in great variety of the best kinds (not Hybrid Perpetuals and Teas only, but also the sweet old summer Roses, and many of the single species such as alpina, acicularis and bracteata), with all kinds of Daffodils, Narcissi, Irises, Anemones, Primulas, Cyclamens, Crocuses, Tulips, Gladioli, Snowdrops, Aconites, Colchicums, Columbines Campanulas, and the like. I hope to have flowers out-of-doors the year through, except perhaps in the very heart of winter. Yet I am inclined to think that December and January are among the gardener's happiest months. It is then that he is enabled to practise "L'Art de se rendre

heureux par les Songes," as the title of an old book runs. For, after all, however successful may be our gardening, realisation is realisation, and can only give the joys which appertain to itself; whereas, in the apparently dull months of winter, we have all the pleasures which expectation and the conception of infinite possibilities can give. Although, when I drag my friend into my garden, he reports that he can see little but bare earth, and leafless trees and shrubs, I can scarcely understand it, for I can see here a mass of glowing Eschscholtzia in every shade of orange, white, and yellow, there a clump of Daffodils in bloom, here a bed of Tulips, there a galaxy of beautiful Roses. I see all the flowers of every month, and they are almost as real to me as they will be when they are visible to all.

JANUARY

OWING to the exposed situation of my garden, I am apt to receive some stern disappointments at this season. Last month, by means of a deceitful blandness, numerous leaves were induced to start from buds, and many flowers to show their inexperienced faces. But these rash firstlings were "no sooner blown but blasted" by the resistless hurricane :—

> The young green leaflet's harrier, sworn
> To strew the garden, strip the shaws,
> And show our spring with banner torn.

However, several flowers have managed to retain a healthy appearance, chief among these being the Primroses, both wild and tame. It seems to me that none of the garden Primroses approach the yellow one in beauty and delicacy of colouring. Herrick, in his persistent search for floral similes to the various conditions of his

"virgins," treats the Primrose unfairly in comparing its colour to that of the skin of those suffering from chlorosis :—

> Virgins, time past, known were these,
> Troubled with green sicknesses;
> Turned to flowers, still the hue,
> Sickly girls, they bear of you.

The yellow of the Primrose is utterly removed from any suggestion of sickness or disease. On the contrary, it is pre-eminently one of the "fresh" colours; it goes with clean print dresses, sweet milk, ruddy cheeks, and "ideal" country simplicity—a very different thing, it may be remarked, from any real rural product. The Primrose's scent is like its colour, delicate and fresh. No words can approach a description of these qualities of scent and colour. May we fancy that some beautiful fairy, having feasted on rose-petals, sweet wild herbs, and the south-west wind, breathed her fragrant breath on the lovely Primrose blossom?

Primroses are among the easiest of all plants to grow. They do best in the shade of deciduous trees, and I find them satisfied under these conditions with the poorest and driest of soils. Judging from their leaves, one would, of course, expect them to stand

a dry situation well. The leaves are corrugated, hairy, and thick, unlike those of such plants as Pulmonaria officinalis, Cyclamen, and Hepatica triloba, which are natives of damp, shady places, and have to get rid of a large quantity of moisture under adverse conditions. These latter, therefore, have mostly large thin-leaf surfaces, naked of hairs, and often have their leaves mottled owing to the spongy parenchyma being more open-wove in some places in order to allow water to pass off readily. The Primrose almost partakes of the character of a bulbous plant. Its thick starchy root contains as good a store of last year's solar energy as does bulb of Snowdrop or Crocus. Hence its earliness in showing leaves and flowers which it could never have produced by the aid of this year's sun alone.

Since Christmas day my winter Aconites have been sending up experimental blooms, but I do not anticipate any considerable floral effect from them for another fortnight or more. I like to watch the daily lengthening for eight days of the yellow dome, one of whose functions is to protect the ripe pollen from rain. As the short outer row of stamens first ripens, the short sepals suffice for its protection, but day after day

a longer and more central row ripens and requires protection, and each day the sepals grow longer to meet the new need. In spite of the pretty little nectaries, I do not think many bees will visit them at present. As most of the early spring flowers are produced from last year's reserve store of nutriment, they commonly appear before the leaves are well developed. They spend last year's savings, and are able to cut a fine figure before most plants have begun even to accumulate the wherewithal to produce flowers.

The winter Aconites will give my first mass of colour in the New Year. I like a garden which has always some brilliant display in evidence, as well as containing interesting and beautiful single plants. I am looking forward to the following "blazes" in my garden with considerable interest: Winter Aconites, yellow Primroses (under a row of trees), Crocuses, Tulips, Anemones, Wallflowers, Eschscholtzias, Silene (carpeting my Rose-bed), Poppies, and Sweet Peas.

I am continually receiving severe criticisms of my gardening when I walk in the country. The hedges and meadows, hillsides, and even ditches, make constant rude remarks, and invite me to look at

them and learn. I endeavour to take their advice. If we are to have any originality in our gardens, we must study natural plant effects—not necessarily to copy them. It is not, of course, true that everything which Nature produces is pleasant to the cultivated taste, for Nature has a good many other prejudices to consult besides those peculiar to man. The dung-beetle's view of beauty, for instance, must not be forgotten. Thus it is that the gardener should study Nature constantly and closely, but should remain slightly critical and selective. The last thing which the hedges told me was that I had no business to have so much bare earth showing in my garden in January. My Saxifrages are growing into nice clumps, it is true, and my Wallflowers present me with a very nice shade of green; my Periwinkles cover a little stony-bank with glossy leaves, and show a number of early blue flowers with the most remarkable of pistils; my little clumps of Cyclamen are a mass of marbled foliage; and little green points proceeding from various buried bulbs dot the ground at frequent intervals. All this is true, yet the hedge's criticism retains its force, so I have written off for a selection of dwarf evergreen plants, Veronicas, Ericas, Kal-

mias, and the like, as well as a few more varieties of Polystichum and Polypody Ferns than those I already have.

The Christmas Roses are still, of course, in their glory, and remain the one flower which seems really happy out-of-doors at present. Still, the gardener's mind must now be chiefly anticipant; eager for effects to come, rather than having any very great grounds for joyfulness in the present display afforded by his garden. Now, one may study books and catalogues by the light of the lamp and the fire's warmth, and the genuine gardener will find that his hobby often helps his reading, as his reading most certainly helps his capacity for extracting pleasure from his garden. For I hold that the most fortunate gardener is he who is a bit of a botanist, a bit of an artist, a humanist, and a lover of earth-digging. One other thing is necessary to the fortune of the gardener, and that is a moderate-sized garden in which he may ply his craft.

FEBRUARY

THE recent hurricanes seriously marred my little garden's February aspect, and I feel bound to acknowledge that the Cornish hedges have scored heavily by the side of my poor efforts. The furze or gorse has for a month past been blazing in golden glory, and has come out of the windy ordeal scatheless. In his latest book, Mark Twain writes of a part of Australia that "the gorse and the broom were a fine accent in the landscape. Here and there they burst out in sudden conflagrations of vivid yellow against a background of sober or sombre colour, with a so startling effect as to make a body catch his breath with the happy surprise of it."

However, in spite of the elements, I have had a brilliant show of Crocuses, a variety of beautiful Snowdrops, and several other flowers, golden yellow, gaudy blue, and other colours of interest and beauty.

My Primroses, also, are daily becoming more and more a mass of flowers, and I could on February 2 have picked many hundreds from a narrow border but a few yards long. Although the yellow Primrose appeals to me as the most beautiful of all, yet I have several enormous and very attractive blooms of other colours; but I can see little beauty in the pale washed-out purplish flowers which are produced in such large proportions by an average packet of Primrose-seed. Still, as an old verse (presumably Campion's) has it:—

> Give beauty all her right!
> She's not to one form tied;
> Each shape yields fair delight,
> When her perfections bide.
> Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,
> And Ros'mund was as sweet as she.

And, as Shirley said, "There's wit in every flower, if thou canst gather it."

I suppose most people will agree that C. luteus, with its varieties, is altogether our most precious species of Crocus. The beautiful golden-yellow flowers, when seen against a green background and exposed to full sunshine, afford one of the sights of the floral world. Each flower will be found, if examined, to have the tube

MY LADY'S GARDEN

around the style at least half full of honey secreted by the ovary. The great majority of Crocus species produce flowers which are purplish or lilac in colour; still there are interesting differences, and all are worth growing. The deep orange colour of the stigma of Crocus vernus is a gorgeous object, and shows to special advantage in the white varieties. The two earliest species to bloom with me were C. reticulatus and C. Imperati.

Crocuses are obviously suitable for naturalising in grass, for practically every species blooms in late autumn or early spring, before the grass begins to grow.

This remark also applies to Snowdrops, of which several beautiful species are now to be obtained from the florists. Of all the kinds, G. Elwesii most strikes my fancy, but I find the flowers rather variable, some being almost globular, and others oblong in shape. The green grooves on the inner segments of the perianth also are very variable in depth of colour, some being quite pale, and others emerald. These grooves produce and hold the honey, to obtain which an insect visitor must knock the processes which project from the anthers towards the petals, and thus bring down a shower of pollen on his

body. The green markings on the inner petals (the outer segments of the perianth are pure white) largely contribute to the beauty of the flower. The orange-coloured stamens also afford added beauty. The scent is not really pleasant to most persons. Galanthus Imperati has given the larger flowers, but they strike me as coarser than those of Elwes' species. The latter in nature is said to be associated with Chionodoxa, one of the most beautiful hardy flowers recently made common in England. I have some splendid clumps of Chionodoxa Luciliæ, C. Sardensis, with flowers of darker blue, and C. gigantea with lilac tips to its petals. In appearance they somewhat resemble the Scillas, especially S. bifolia, of which I have a charming clump now in flower. A mass of blue and white Roman Hyacinths has been much admired, although the flowers seem to me a little too waxy. For weeks past the six-rayed stars of Triteleia uniflora have afforded continuous display. Its beauty, hardiness, and season of flowering should cause the Triteleia to be much more grown.

Several species of Anemone are in flower, but of these I must write another time. I have also Cyclamens, Daisies (of

which the double kinds are not to be compared to the beautiful wild one—descended, one may well believe, from the flowers plucked and dropped by naughty imps who for a quarter of an hour frolicked in the flowery meadows of heaven), Arabis, Wallflowers, Polyanthuses, Muscari, Narcissi, and other beautiful plants in bloom. But I think that the loveliest of all is the rich dark flower of Iris reticulata, with its glowing blotches of orange, and its markings of white, black, and every shade of violet. The plant is named from the netted character of the bulb. It is amusing to note the assumed etymological wisdom in many descriptions of the flower. "Blue flowers reticulated with gold," "of a rich violet-purple, veined and reticulated with a darker shade," so run the descriptions in two well-known publications. Iris reticulata Krelagei is also in flower, but is a much duller object than the type.

The past month has been a month of exceptional sickness, so that I have not been able to give much thought or attention to my garden. Fortunately, it has gone along all right without my care, thus contrasting with the glass-box gardens of the extravagant, which require continuous ministrations. Open-air gardening is the

kind which I recommend to country doctors, who cannot by the nature of their occupation, give that regular attention to plants within doors without which they are doomed to failure. I find gardening a most satisfactory hobby in many ways. For one thing, it can be plied within call of the surgery-bell; moreover, it is a great help in conducting friendly intercourse with patients. Most people of every class are interested in some branch of gardening, and are glad to hear tidings of Peas, Potatoes, or Pansies.

A doctor can do much to foster intelligent gardening practice, both by example and teaching; and he has many opportunities of spreading beautiful flowers by wise gifts of seeds, cuttings, or plants. The English cottage garden is sometimes a little gem of beauty; but it is much more often an untidy neglected piece of waste ground. Country parsons and doctors might do a great deal towards altering this.

MARCH

"A TEAR the Paphian sheds for each blood-drop of Adonis, and tears and blood on the earth are turned to flowers. The blood brings forth the Rose, the tears the Wind-flower." Well may the scarlet flowers of Anemone fulgens, with their jet-black centres, dazzle the mere human eye; for one has but to see them to be convinced of the truth of Bion's story of the plant's origin. It is our most brilliant spring flower; and fortunately it is easy to grow if but left undisturbed. The light and elegant bearing of the flower-stem, and the grace of the foliage but serve to make more valuable this perfect flower. In addition to the ordinary kind, I have some of the variety known as Sutton's, whose flower have a yellow centre.

The blue Anemone apennina of Italy has long been in flower, and shows no sign of stopping yet. It literally cushions the

ground with its foliage and large sky-blue flowers. The white variety is also very beautiful. Anemone blanda is very similar in colour and habit, but blooms some weeks before A. apennina. Several varieties of the Wood Anemone are of great beauty. I have, in addition to masses of the single and double common varieties, clumps of A. nemorosa Robinsoniana, with beautiful large opal-blue blossoms, and of A. nemorosa bracteata, with double white flowers quaintly resting on green bracts. The golden A. ranunculoides rather reminds one of the lovely buttercups of May. I might go on describing the various kinds of Anemone which are worth growing for their beauty until every known Anemone were included in the list.

I am trying to grow all the kinds in the florists' catalogues, and each is lovely and interesting. Of course, every one grows at least a few hundred of the very varied Anemone coronaria, which is so useful for cutting, as well as so enlivening in the early spring garden. The mass of carpels in the centre of many of these flowers makes a good landing-place for insects, who come for what they can get from the Anemones. This is chiefly pollen, for few of the Anemone species produce any honey;

bees must go elsewhere for that, and have been seen by Müller to alternate their pollen quest with the search for honey in other flowers. Their pollen is thus the entire stock in trade of the Anemones, and they are wisely careful of it. At the smallest sign of rain, and at the onset of dusk, the perianth domes over the centre of the flower, and in many cases the flower-stalk bends that the flowers may droop, and so further protect the valuable powder within. By the way, it will be noticed that most of the white Anemones which adopt this habit of periodic opening and closing have their sepals tinted palely blue or red on the under surface. It is believed that this pigment, anthocyanin, has the property of turning light to heat, and so from earliest dawn to the opening of the flower, accumulating a store of useful energy for the plant's use.

My Primroses are almost at the height of their glory. I spoke last month of being able to pick hundreds of blooms from a little border. At the present moment I might pick many thousands from the same border, and (this is the value of the Primrose) I should have as fine a display as ever in less than ten days.

In my January notes I complained of

Herrick's simile of primrose colour as like to those with "green-sickness." Since then I have come across a much pleasanter reference in Roden Noel's splendid poem called "Early April":—

> Virginal purity of pale Primroses!
> Petal on petal of a sister reposes,
> And the shadow of either on either dozes.

Of the Daffodils it seems useless to speak. For elegant, classic beauty of form and delicacy of colouring, what can be compared to them? Keats names them as among those things of great beauty whose joy is perennial; Shakespeare and Wordsworth have recorded their loveliness; and Herrick wrote, perhaps, his best-known verses regretting the Daffodil's fragility of life-tenure. The more one grows them the more one sees to admire in them. Nearly all the varieties in the florists' lists—and there are some hundreds—are of great beauty, and there are interesting—though sometimes small—differences between them all. Trumpet Daffodils with white wings, others with sulphur wings, others self-coloured—golden or pale yellow—throughout; Star Narcissi, with every depth of cup, Narcissi with recurved sepals like Cyclamen flowers. Daffodils that

look up, Daffodils that look down, and others that look you straight in the face.

Obvallaris, Horsfieldi, Sir Watkin, Emperor, Queen of Spain, Mrs. Langtry, Golden Spur, Gloria Mundi, are but a few names; yet what a picture they call up in our mind! Daffodils may be purchased in quantity in many beautiful kinds for a small sum, yet it is a dangerous pastime to study such a publication as Barr's *Catalogue of Daffodils*. One is far too apt literally to take Mahomet's advice—"He that has two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flowers of the Narcissus, for bread is food for the body, but Narcissus is the food of the soul."

I have been planting out a few of the lovely new Martin Smith self-coloured Carnations, as well as some old Clove and white Clove. My soil is much too light, but I am trying what plenty of decayed manure about the roots will do. I have also been sowing some dozens of packets of seeds in pots, and have the daily joy of opening my frame to see what new seedlings the last twenty hours have brought above earth. I have up already some six varieties of Columbine, several species of Campanula and Primula, as well as a lot of new Primroses and Polyanthuses, from

very choice seed. Every morning it is almost exciting to walk round the garden in wonder as to what new flowers have just appeared. Advance Tulips, Roses and the rest, give as much pleasure of a kind as the gorgeous displays which we expect from them in due season.

The spring is really coming. No swallow makes a summer, nor any flower a spring. For months past we have had flowers, but spring is now evidenced by ten thousand co-acting events :—

> Blows the thaw-wind pleasantly,
> Drips the soaking rain;
> By fits looks down the waking sun,
> Young grass springs on the plain.
> Young leaves clothe early hedgerow trees;
> Seeds, and roots, and stems of fruits,
> Swollen with sap, put forth their shoots;
> Curled-headed Ferns sprout in the lane;
> Birds sing and pair again.

It is tempting, it is almost defensible, to quote the poets when writing of the spring. At any rate, I must ask excuse for referring to some lines of Miss Nesbit's, which will probably not be familiar :—

> And spring is here—but with the spring
> Come bitter winds, and cold, cold showers;
> Will these not slay the wakening flowers,
> And stay their buds from blossoming?

No, in despite of wind and rain,
The year will add to flowers new flowers;
Till summer comes with burning hours,
And all the Roses live again.

Which inevitably recalls poor Philip Bourke Marston's *Before and After Flowering*, where the Violet, just before the dawn, calls to its sister of yesterday, but receives no answer, for the frost has done its work :—

No pleasant wind about the garden goes,—
Perchance the wind has gone to bring the Rose.
O, sisters! surely now your sleep is done,
I would we had not looked upon the sun,
My leaves are stiff with pain. O cruel night!
And through my root some sharp thing seems to bite,
Ah, me! what pain, what coming change is this?

Instead of dreaming in this fashion however, honest gardeners must set to work sowing their seeds and finishing their spring plantings, or they will find themselves without any flowers to poetise over and enjoy.

APRIL

SINCE I wrote my last notes, full of optimistic references to spring's arrival, I have received my rebuff. Nature, indignant at my presumption in attempting to forecast her intentions, has sent a couple of hurricanes across my garden. The result has, of course, been a check to the march of my spring flowers, and thus my garden does not appear so very much further advanced than it did a month ago. To some extent, the flowers most in evidence then—anemones, primroses and daffodils—are the ones which are most prominent now. Still, others appear almost every day, and fresh shoots and leaves inform me that but a little patience is needed in order that my garden flora may present me with an entirely new picture. Compared with last year, my early Tulips have been a failure. Something has damaged a number of the bulbs, so that the leaves and flowers appear puny

and worm-riddled. The late-flowering Tulips, however, seem to have escaped, and in a week or two I expect a brilliant show from them. I am especially looking forward to a mass of Tulipa Gesneriana, which I planted last autumn. My early Tulips I have carpeted, some with Rock-foils, others with Iceland Poppies, and yet others with Pinks. Thus the partial failure this year does not disfigure the border, as would be the case if the Tulips stood on the bare earth; and at the same time the formality of the dazzling flowers is considerably softened.

One of the finest and most interesting flowers of April is the "Crown Imperial, Emperor of Flowers," as Chapman called it. Gerard went so far as to give it the first place in his *Garden of Delight* "for its stately beautifulnesse." Long before its flowers appear, its light green leaves materially help to decorate the early spring border, and to afford a background for the flowers of March. The clusters of curious red and yellow flowers at first look upwards, but as the flowers open they become pendent bells, and thus exclude flies, beetles, and such undesirable guests from the feast of honey secreted by the bases of the six perianth leaves. This

feast is prepared for bees, and they alone are able to reach it.

The dwarf species of Fritillary are all interesting, and worth cultivating. They mostly produce graceful bells of the dullest colours, fantastically chequered. Even the pure white form of F. Meleagris has a chequered pattern. F. aurea was the first to flower with me, and is one of the handsomest, its golden flowers being beautifully marked with numerous black dots. F. Meleagris (the chequered guinea-hen flower), in all its shades of colour, is worth growing in every garden. At present I have only a few plants, but next autumn I shall get a quantity, and plant in various selected spots. Another species, especially valuable, is F. pallidiflora, with beautifully marked large yellow flowers. This, however, is as yet too costly to purchase in quantity, as also is F. recurva, a large species with reddish-orange flowers, which is unfortunately scarcely hardy.

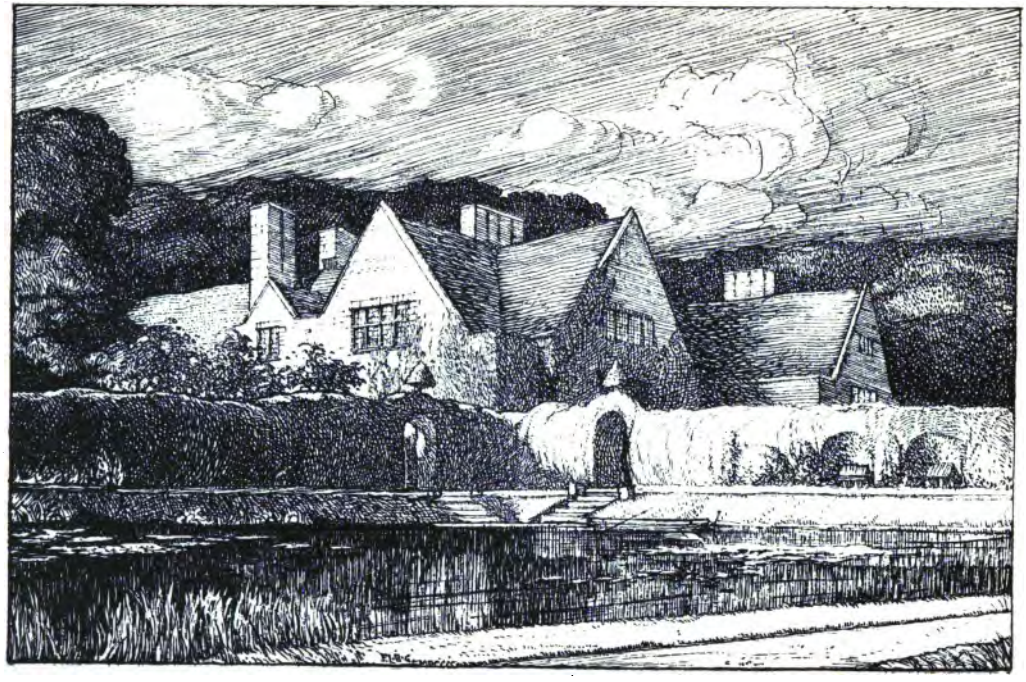
No garden is so badly situated but it may grow the Doronicums, and few spring flowers are more showy. Care must be taken, however, not to introduce them too freely among small subjects, as their vigorous roots soon take possession of the ground in all directions. The species I

have are D. austriacum and D. plantagineum excelsum, which are, I believe, the best. The Doronicums succeed in the shade as well as in full sun.

This remark does not apply to some other plants now in flower which are frequently grown in the shade. I mean the perennial Alyssums and Candytufts, which only show their brilliant white and yellow masses to perfection in the full glare of the sun. On the other hand, the Hepaticas, of which I have splendid clumps in bloom of double and single, red and blue, thrive best in the partial shade of deciduous trees. The other important part of their culture is to leave them alone. The present month produces what is surely the bluest flower in the world, that of the vernal Gentian. I have a clump in full exposure to the sun, with buried stones about the roots to retain moisture, and throughout the day the brilliant blue five-cleft discs are dazzling in their beauty. The same situation, I find, suits Gentiana acaulis, whose erect blue bell-shaped flowers are more frequently to be seen than the dwarfer G. verna.

A number of Scillas are now in bloom, and I notice that S. campanulata—of which I have some thousands of bulbs

THE LILY POOL



naturalised beneath deciduous trees—is beginning to show its light blue bells. This species cannot be compared with the earlier S. bifolia and S. sibirica for beauty, though it is almost handsome in its great vigour. Its varieties alba and rosea, are interesting and worth growing.

My Poet's Narcissi are just breaking into bloom, and fortunately they need no recommendation, being among the few flowers which every one admires. I do not expect my double Narcissi to bloom this month, as I planted them late in December. They will be welcome in May for their scent after the infinitely more beautiful single flowers have passed away.

I cannot understand how the Snowflake, which is now flowering, can by any one be spoken of in the same breath as the single-flowered Snowdrop. The whole idea and essential grace of the latter flower seem to be absent.

The Violets are, of course, blooming. I grow several kinds, but to me the most beautiful of all is the common single-white. The beautiful form of the flower is changed into a shapeless mass in the popular and generally admired double kinds. The violet hybrids, the tufted Pansies, are beginning to flower, but their time is not

Arabis, Aubrietia, and Forget-me-not, all help to brighten the borders with patches of violet, white, and blue, whilst several clumps of Saxifrage afford masses of white bells. Nearly all the plants now in flower are dwarfish in character, though the Crown Imperials and Wallflower are exceptions.

I must not forget my fruit-trees, which are now a mass of blossom. I look forward to a fair harvest of fruit this autumn. Every day my bees are hard at work gathering honey and pollen, and at the same time fertilising my flowers, and thus assisting the fruit-crop. I started with one stock of bees in the autumn. I have just divided it, placing three frames including a queen cell into a new hive. I hope that this will prevent swarming, but I have had no previous experience.

The Thorns, Lilacs, Laburnums, and Deutzias, are all showing their flower-buds, and, when these have expanded and fallen, the summer will be here. What a steady tramp, tramp it is!

MAY

THE most significant flowers in my garden are the Laburnums "rich in streaming gold," and the pointed blossoms of the Lilacs "rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love." I am afraid that most people are still unfamiliar with Whitman's great poem "When Lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd"; but to those who have read it, and reading, understood, the appearance of the sweet Lilac flowers must ever recall its rhythm and profound motive:

Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant Pines and the Cedars dusk and dim.

Nowhere else is the advent of death welcomed by so virile a voice:

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,

And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise!
praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool enfolding
death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.

* * * *

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave
whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled
death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

The interests afforded by association are half the value of a garden. In her very interesting *Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden*, Mrs. Earle quotes an Irish peasant, whose cabin had just been transformed into "the graceful neatness of an English cottage," as saying "it is all very kind, but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is everything that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working." Taken in its widest sense this is most true. Every Laburnum-tree in bloom takes me back at once to my old home, where a Laburnum over-arched

an entrance, and the memory of it is full of associations of my life as a boy. I find, indeed, that I have unconsciously planted in my garden almost every flower which was grown at my old home.

The weather has been remarkable. Cold cutting winds have spoilt many of the flowers of April and May, to which I had looked forward with pleasant anticipation. For about a week my late Tulips were glorious, but then one morning I came down to see them bruised and stained and broken. Still, things might have been worse, and I was able to see the picture at its best, even though for a short time only. Gesner's Tulip came fully up to my expectation, the brilliant red flowers showing up well against the foliage of tufted Pansies with which they were carpeted. The other self-coloured Tulips were most successful, some yellow Darwin Tulips being particularly effective. Another Tulip which has done well with me is the rosy-white T. Clusiana, the colour of which is very beautiful and delicate. As I have said, the wind and pelting rain quite spoilt all the Tulips, but I fancy they are flowers which one would not wish to see constantly for many weeks.

The Anemones were scarcely damaged

owing to the more flexible character of their stems. The season, like every season, is not at all what it should be according to our preconceived notions. The common idea of the character of the months is all superstition and error. The really great poets and prose writers, who have given us our most valuable and permanent descriptions of country life and affairs, have generally been cockney-trippers like Walton; or, at any rate, natives of London, like Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Herrick. The countryman, born and bred, is usually unable to feel the poetry of his surroundings—he cannot see the wood for the trees—and hence he is usually unable to produce great literature dealing with the facts of which he knows most. Therefore, it is that our ideas of "spring," "the month of May," and the rest are not in accordance with the facts.

Looked at from a little distance, the greatest show in my garden at present is given by the yellow Wallflowers, of which I have a number of great bushes. Yellow is a very effective colour when seen even from a considerable distance. Mrs. Earle's advice is good where she says that the smaller the garden the more essential it is to get a succession of colour.

The mass of double Narcissi of which I spoke last month is now beautiful, and pleads strongly for the artistic recognition of double flowers. Nevertheless, charming as are these flowers in a mass of seventy or eighty blooms, with their delicious scent wafted hither and thither by the breezes, I still hold the opinion that as individual flowers they cannot for a moment bear comparison with the single Poet's Narcissus.

A very common flower which is now in bloom does not receive the homage which is its due. I refer to the little evergreen Saxifraga umbrosa, London Pride, None-so pretty, or Queen Anne's Needlework, as it was once called. I have only one great spreading clump, developed from a single plant in the course of the last two or three years; but this clump is at present one of the most interesting and beautiful objects in the border. From the pretty green rosettes spring numerous tall quaint hairy flower-stalks, branching in Japanesque fashion, bearing panicles of the most exquisite little jewels of flowers. Each of the five small white petals is dotted about its centre with red, and towards the centre of the flower with yellow; whilst the erect white stamens are terminated by anthers

coloured terra-cotta. The frequency of the plant's occurrence, and the fact that the flowers require close inspection to be properly appreciated, probably accounts for London Pride being commonly considered a sort of weed. Near the clump of London Pride is a "blue cataract" of Veronica prostrata, hanging over some stones. This is the first to bloom of several Veronicas which I recently planted, and it already appears well established.

The golden and sulphur Eschscholtzias are beginning to produce a distinct effect. The flowers are larger than last year, and again than the year before. They are with me, and in the situation I have chosen, strictly perennial, although usually described as annual. Each autumn, after they have finished flowering, I simply cut them down with shears, and they are now quite large bushes, of the freest and most luxuriant growth. The Eschscholtzias, like many other cup-shaped flowers—Anemones, Poppies, Rock-Roses, &c.—produce no honey, but are visited by insects for pollen only; hence their simple shape, having no nectaries to protect from marauders by various quaint devices and modifications of form.

Many of the tufted and other Pansies are

sheets of beautiful flowers. Of the Violas I have, I like best the lavender Duchess of Sutherland, the sweet-scented, cream-coloured Sylvia, and the appropriately named White Duchess; but when all are very beautiful, it seems invidious to select a few.

Peonies I have not yet planted to any extent, but propose getting a few more next autumn. The single European varieties have been in flower for some little time, and have all done well, the best I have being a satiny-white one known as Emodi, which I believe—to be strictly Irish—is really a Himalayan species.

Many weeks ago I had flowers of the pink Rosa alpina, and blooms on my Gloire Dijon, and there are now several Roses fully open, including the beautiful buff Safrano, a very vigorous Tea, the unique Austrian Copper Briar, with dull-red golden petals, resembling no other flower, and also several of the summer Roses; but, of course, the Roses will not be at their best till later.

The Silene pendula which carpets the Rose-border is an expanse of pink, but the rich soil has made it grow rather too luxuriantly for a carpeting plant, and next

autumn I propose to use Primroses for the border instead. These will commence to flower much earlier, and will be of lower growth. A couple of plants of Geum chiloense which I sowed under the name of G. coccineum are just beginning to flower. They are most satisfactory plants, about eighteen inches high, bearing panicles of brilliant scarlet flowers.

The dwarf Phloxes are sheets of pink and white flowers, the leaves being quite hidden by the masses of bloom. These, again, have quickly established themselves and I shall get any other species or varieties I can. That is, without doubt, the wisest course to follow in amateur gardening. Try by experiment what plants really flourish under your conditions of soil, climate, and the rest, and then grow the best of the allies and varieties of those plants. Still, there is an irresistible impulse in every gardener's breast to try to grow any flowers he has hitherto failed with; but, if he be wise, he will conduct his essaying on a reasonably small scale rather than waste money in large consignments of plants doomed to serve as manure for his borders.

Oxalis floribunda is a mass of rose in the sunshine, but for some twenty-three hours

a day the flowers are closed; still, as it blooms all through the summer, I suppose it will sleep a little less when we have more sunshine.

It is surprising how few people with large gardens make any considerable use of their opportunities. In looking round the capacious grounds of acquaintances, I am constantly struck by the small number of flowers grown in proportion to the situations offered. My little plot then seems to be quite cultivated. At the same time, there is no getting over the fact that no amount of good gardening will compensate for the advantages which space, trees, grass, and situation give.

The curious and beautiful varieties of Mimulus are now flowering in every shade of red, brown, and yellow. The Mimulus is much like an Orchid in its elaborate arrangements for placing its pollen on insect visitors, and so promoting cross-fertilisation. The hairy petals, especially the lower one, keep out unwelcome insect-robbers.

The Forget-me-Nots help to brighten the garden, and assist the general spring aspect. The early Forget-me-Not (Myosotis dissitiflora), and the wood species (M. sylvatica), are the two which I have

raised, and both are very bright and free-growing. I mean next season to try M. lithospermifolia, said to bear the largest flowers of any Forget-me-not, and the dwarf alpine species (M. alpestris). The interesting habit of Forget-me-Nots of moving aside the old flower-stems, and even the individual flowers when fertilised, helps to keep the plant continuously bright with flowers in their prime. The plant's object in so doing is, of course, to present new flowers to insect visitors, and not to please useless human eyes.

The Pinks are beginning to open, and are developing their delicious scent. I am especially looking forward to the single ones. Some autumn-sown Sweet Peas are making good progress; many Irises are beginning to show colour, and a number of summer flowers are sending up flower-stems ready to unfold in a few weeks. The Deutzias and Mays have not yet expanded their blossoms, but a few days will probably make a difference.

The leaves of the dwarf fruit-trees now help very materially to furnish the garden, and to afford a background for the tall herbaceous plants of the borders. Such a mixed system of gardening appeals to me as the ideal for ordinary mortals. It is of

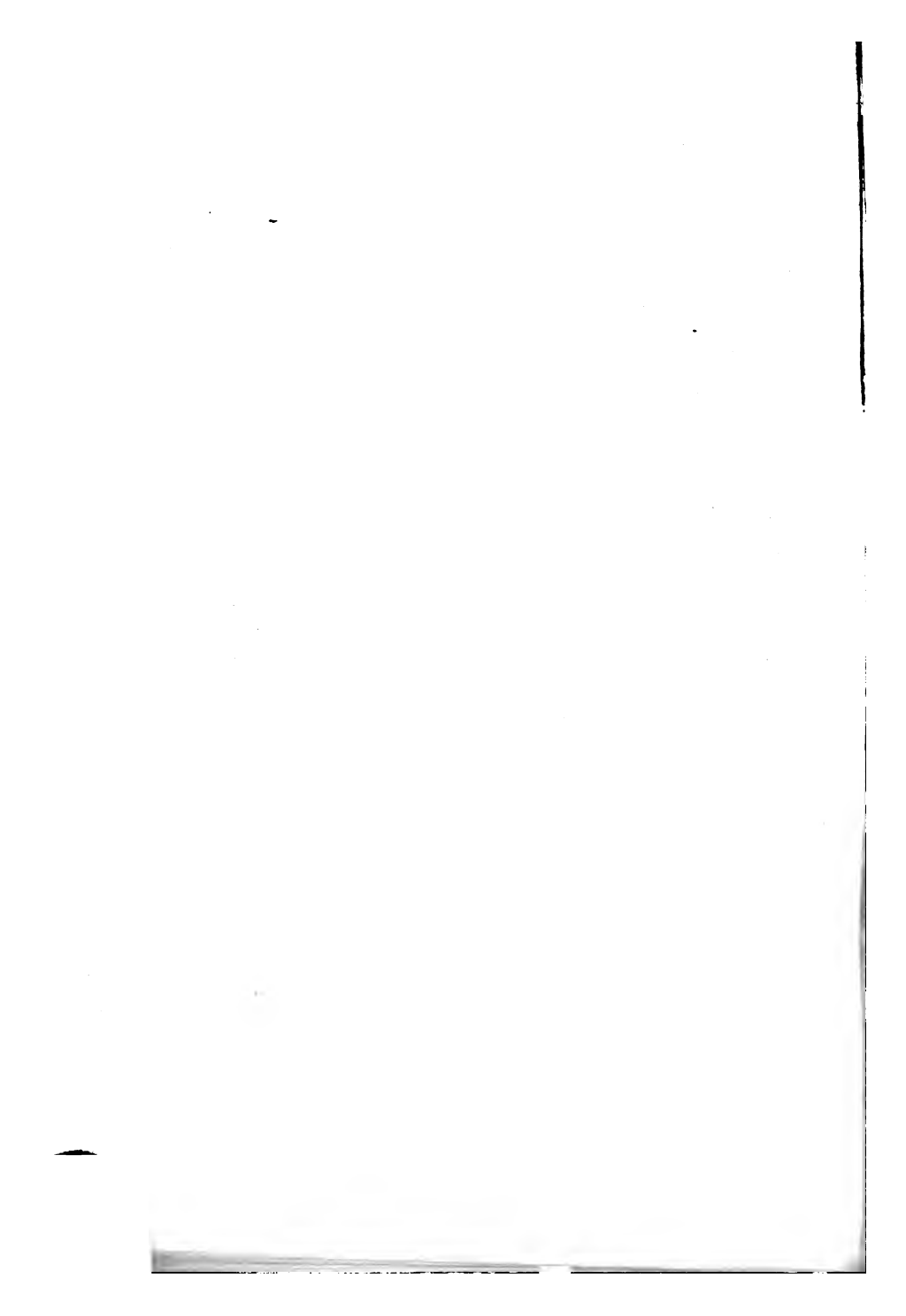
a kind with the idea of art applied to the utilities of every day, rather than with the art which we may call *dilettante.* It resembles rather a tastefully furnished living-room than an ornate and vulgar drawing-room, bearing no relation to ordinary life.

JUNE

OF course, I am more interested in my young Rose-bushes than in any of the other plants now glorious. Not that I have any sympathy with that gardening system which has the exhibition-table ever ahead, of which Rose-growing is but too often an example. The Rose, however, is so full of associations, both literary and personally reminiscent, that it must always possess an interest possibly beyond that which its beauty would win. For, great as is the beauty of the Briar-Rose and some other single-flowered species, and graceful as is the natural habit of their growth, I fail to see either any special beauty of form possessed by the mass of hybrid-perpetuals, or the smallest element of grace in their habit as usually—and to some extent perforce—grown in the garden. They frequently afford an example of the lust of the florist (who is sometimes but a market-

gardener who has missed his vocation) for substance and size at all costs. Nevertheless, I grow a fair number, and, as I have said, am especially interested in them, but not, I fancy, from the same point of view that I admire the beautiful buds of Madame Bérard, the exquisite flowers of the Red Damask (one of the most deliciously scented and delicately coloured of all Roses), or the free growth and abundant bunches of white flowers of Félicité-Perpétue, climbing a post by strides and bounds. There is, however, one characteristic which gives the Rose a special interest and value, and that is, the practically general possession of fragrance. What is not generally recognised in thinking or speaking of the Rose's scent is its heterogeneity. Scarcely two roses smell exactly alike, and whole classes are marked off by their distinctive odours. Moreover, it is not the flowers alone which are thus characterised, but in many cases the foliage also. This shows itself especially in the Sweet Briar and the valuable hybrids derived from it. Every garden should find room for some of these sturdy Penzance Briars, and I shall certainly plant more varieties next autumn. Last November I planted two kinds—Anne of

POT-POURRI



POT-POURRI

Geierstein and Lady Penzance, both of which have already borne dozens of flowers —the former dark crimson, the latter, as one would expect from its ancestry (its parents are Sweet Briar and Austrian Copper), a beautifully coppery-yellow, with stamens of clear gold. These two have proved themselves very vigorous, the one as a climber, and the other as a bush, with delicately scented flowers of great beauty, and with the scented foliage of the Eglantine. There are, I believe, less than twenty varieties, so that a complete collection can easily be obtained and grown. Although but summer Roses, and, therefore, not long in flower, their foliage will yield sweet odour, and their hips beautiful colour for some months.

It is in their habit of autumnal as well as summer blooming that the Tea Roses are so valuable. The same, of course, applies partially to many of the hybrid perpetuals; but for the most part their blooms are so massive and stiff that their artistic value is not comparable with that of the more loosely arranged and fragile Teas. The Teas I have found to be the first to flower; and I mean to plant several along a rough trellis I have just erected in order that I may enjoy these Roses and other

plants grown freely and naturally. Three of the best Tea Roses for a beginner to start with are Madame Bérard, Gloire de Dijon, and Belle Lyonnaise, all of which are hardy and vigorous, and all beautiful.

In addition to those Roses I have named, I am especially pleased with R. spinosissima, the Burnet Rose, with characteristic bushy habit, and bearing hundreds of fragrant little creamy flowers: R. Brunonis and R. moschata, two single white Roses with yellow anthers, both vigorous climbers; and the fine white hybrid Moss-rose Blanche Moreau.

I referred to the too vigorous growth of the Silene which carpeted my Rose border. I was at length obliged to pull it up in its entirety; nor was I too soon, for it had already killed one of my small Teas and a little China Rose-bush. I shall, of course, try another carpet, to avoid the winter and spring bareness, which is the usual property of Rose-borders, but shall use either Primroses which bloom early, or Violas which bloom continually; in any case, however, employing plants of strictly dwarf habit.

I have two really fine masses of colour. The most brilliant is afforded by my Eschscholtzias, now at their extreme of beauty; the other is given by some

hundreds of Bride Gladiolus, a charming flower much grown in this district for the cut-flower market.

I mentioned the fact that I have just fixed some rough trellis that I may enjoy the free growth of Rose and Clematis, Choisya and Jasmine, Ivy and Honeysuckle; and also to afford additional shelter from winds and overlooking eyes. As I cannot do much permanent planting until the autumn I have sown some Scarlet Runners, Nasturtiums, Sweet Peas, and Canariensis, that the trellis may be temporarily draped until such time.

This trellis will necessitate, or rather give tempting possibilities of, some new arrangements in my garden scheme; and I have been deriving infinite pleasure from the consulting of catalogues, and the making of lists and plans. What tempting publications the florist's catalogues are! How many million hours have they filled with happiness, cheering the gardener with hopeful dreams and visions of loveliness which he may never realise (or may)? A collection of these catalogues almost constitutes a complete gardening library, and an encyclopædia of present day horticultural science.

When we have Barr's Daffodil catalogue,

Backhouse's, Ware's, and Barr's list of hardy perennials, Kelway's Catalogue of Pæonies, Delphiniums, and Gladioli, Douglas's Carnation booklet, Sydenham's lists of Pansies and Violas, Sutton's "Amateur Guide to Horticulture," and the general catalogues of Dickson of Chester, Clibran of Altrincham, Dobbie of Rothesay, Cannell of Swanley, and Smith of Worcester, we are on the fair road to happiness—and an empty pocket. Then again consider the Rose-lists of the Pauls, Bunyard, Rivers, and the rest, and admire the fortitude of that man who can keep his pen from his cheque-book whilst he has a spare yard in his garden. Now that I have this trellis to plant, and some new beds and borders to arrange for, I consult the catalogues with absurd persistence, and, it appears to others, childish enthusiastic interest. I take three or four catalogues in the trap when doing my rounds; I prop a catalogue against the cruet and one against the bread at breakfast. I mark, copy, and compare them; I draw up repeated lists, and alter and modify them beyond recognition.

In sober truth, it would be difficult to offer the gardening novice better advice than that given me many years ago by an old friend, Dr. Francis Mead (whose pen,

during his short adult residence in England, was often used for the gardening press). I asked him what book he advised me—a gardening ignoramus—to read dealing with open-air flower-gardening, and he gave me this list:—Robinson's "Hardy Flowers," Sutton's seed catalogue, Barr's catalogues of bulbs and hardy perennials, Ware's set of catalogues, and Smith's and Kelway's general lists.

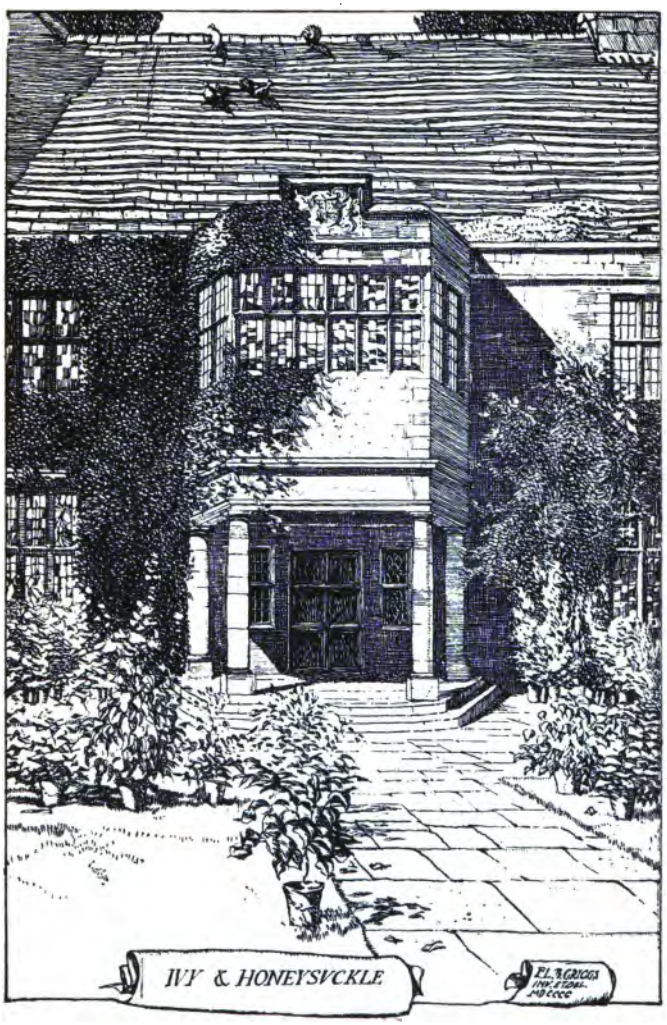
These catalogues mean great labour and much cost in their production, and they should be carefully preserved. For the most part, they contain accurate descriptions of the plants named, together with an account of their appropriate soils and treatment, as well as numerous illustrations —often artistic productions of considerable value. The illustrations—mainly photographs—which accompany some of the recent catalogues of Barr and Ware, are very far removed from the stiff plain or glaring coloured prints which nurserymen formerly employed. It is unnecessary to say that we should send at least an occasional order in return for the pleasure and profit obtained in this way. It is unnecessary simply because the usual difficulty consists in preventing oneself from ordering the lot.

The Chronicle of

Among other things which my new arrangements for the autumn include, is a definite bed of good self-coloured Carnations, instead of the rather scattered system of growing them which I have heretofore adopted. It is not advisable to mix Carnations with strong-growing plants, and therefore I intend giving them a bed to themselves. I propose, however, to plant a few dozen clumps of Daffodils among them to brighten the bed in the spring; but as the foliage of the Carnation is pleasant all the year, I do not anticipate any bare effect, and the lovely flowers are in any case worth a little sacrifice.

At present the Pinks are acting as the Carnations' forerunners, and very beautiful they are. The old white Pink is not easily to be beaten, either from point of view of beauty, scent, or sturdy habit. Of the singles, I have been most pleased with the rosy Cheddar Pink, which I have planted on the edge of a dry bank; and the more deeply coloured alpine Pink, which requires a moister situation. I must not forget another Dianthus, now coming into flower, and that is the old and ever admirable and admired Sweet William (what a stupid corruption of the original pretty name "Œillet!"). I have a mass

IVY AND HONEYSUCKLE


IVY & HONEYSVCKLE

of the strain called Auricula-eyed, the flowers of which have white eyes, surrounded by rings of various rich colours. Few plants are easier to grow, or better worth growing. The Spanish Irises have been splendid, the flowers being finer than last year, although the bulbs have not been moved for three years. Now that they can be bought so cheaply, no one need be without this most beautiful of all late May flowers. The so-called "English" Irises (natives of the Pyrenees) are about to unfold, but little more than a rough idea of their colours is yet to be obtained.

What a time the humble-bees are having just now! All the flowers seem specially built for them. Columbines (I have flowered nearly all of them—golden chrysantha, creamy-blue glandulosa, yellow and orange Skinneri, blue and white alpina, scarlet and yellow canadensis); Snapdragons, with exclusive trapdoors—"No admission except to strong humble-bees;" Foxgloves (which thrive in shade, and continue ornamental for weeks if the central flower-spike be removed as soon as it is past its best); Irises, Monkshood (another shade-lover), and Campanulas; all are fertilised entirely or mainly by the humble-bee, and are specially constructed to his

taste, which we must pronounce highly developed.

The various species of Campanula afford beautiful summer furniture for the garden. The Canterbury Bell is the commonest, and one of the best kinds, though usually grown in its white and blue varieties only.

Among other species, I have the white and blue Peach-flowered Bellflower (C. persicifolia), which often requires some support when in flower; the sturdy C. pyramidalis, about the most satisfactory of all; the vigorous pale-blue C. grandis, and two or three dwarf species in the rock-border—C. Raineri, a mass of large blue flowers, C. isophylla trailing over a large stone and bearing hundreds of light blue salvers, C. fragilis, C. carpatica, and C. G. F. Wilson, a new hybrid with beautiful flowers borne on big stalks.

The structure of the Campanula flower is full of interest. If we take a bud of the Canterbury-Bell and open it, we find an apparently homogeneous column of stamens and style rising from a fleshy base. If we take a flower which has recently opened, we discover that the stamens have withered and fallen to the bottom of the bell, whilst the style which still remains erect is seen

to be covered with short hairs almost buried in pollen shed by the anthers when they embraced the style in the bud. This pollen is necessarily rubbed off by any large insects who visit the flower for the honey, which is produced by the yellow disc at the bottom of the style, enclosed by the triangular fleshy plates which form the basis of the now withered stamens. Between these plates are interspaces of infinite smallness, and even these are carefully protected by small hairs, so that honey-stealing by undesirable guests is not one of the Canterbury-Bell's troubles. In a still older flower we find the pollen removed from around the style, the hairs which hold it shrunken, and the style divided into its parts, which open outwards and expose a stigmatic surface for the reception of pollen brought by insects from other flowers.

All my Campanulas I raised from seed without trouble. There are in the garden two clumps of self-sown annuals, which we find very useful for cutting—the blue feathery Love-in-a-mist (Nigella), and the pale-buff Crown Daisy (Chrysanthemum coronarium), both vigorous, and both beautiful. The perennial Daisies or Marguerites are also in full flower, a little

plant of C. frutescens, which I planted out a few months ago, being already a sphere a yard in diameter, bearing thousands of large white yellow-centred flowers. The yellow variety Etoile d'Or is equally beautiful and vigorous. I have just bought and planted half a dozen other kinds, but they have not yet had time to flower. The Shirley Poppies (the most beautiful of all Poppies) are not yet making much show, but the delicately coloured little Iceland Poppies are yielding hundreds of white, yellow, and orange cups; and the great orientals are in full and gaudy glory. Sedum acre and S. spathulatum take the place of Alyssum, in producing bright spots of yellow in the border; and a large bush of Featherfew also lightens up a view. Achillea tomentosa (which must have a dry spot) almost shades its much divided foliage with bright yellow heads of flowers. The pretty Rock Rose (flower of a day) is bright, with fragile flowers of delicate shades of every colour. They also must have a dry sandy soil if they are to succeed. The mauve flowers of the Mountain Daisy (Aster alpinus) are now at their best, and afford a shade of colour not abundant among summer flowers. The Sweet Peas (most valuable of all

annual flowers) are beginning to flower freely, though the full effect of the hedge will not appear for another fortnight.

The Pansies, Violas, and Mimulus, are blooming profusely, and rapidly spreading; the young Dahlias (Cactus, single, and single Cactus varieties) and Chrysanthemums are making progress; and Roses, Hollyhocks, Potentillas, Pentstemons, Phloxes, and Asters all help me to see my way through a continuous show of flowers (not a continuous flower-show, thank goodness!) till November.

JULY

THE month of Carnations has, perhaps, more flowers to give us than any other month in the year, yet the garden has passed its time of greatest interest. When the hedges had little but earth and grass and leafless twigs to show us, our Crocuses and Snowdrops had a value beyond estimation. Steadily, month by month, the garden display has been continuously increasing in splendour and amplitude. After the first glory of the Roses has waned, however, a general feeling of the "beginning of the end" seems to dawn on the garden. At the end of June the real feature of the pageant —the royal carriage of the procession— seems to pass before our eyes, and though equal or greater beauty or splendour may be yet to follow, our enthusiasm can but be on the ebb. Moreover, we are not so dependent on our gardens for beautiful flowers now that we may find flowers

everywhere — hedges fragrant with the "söote Wodëbynde," towans purple with "bees-alluring Thime," and yellowing corn-fields blotched with scarlet. The weather, also, is far too hot and oppressive for enthusiasm, and we feel that the shade of trees, "a flask of wine, a book of verse," and a fellow idler, are more according to the month's temperament than active gardening.

Now, more than ever, is it obvious that "a garden without trees scarcely deserves to be called a garden." Shade at any price is wanted, and I note with gladness the progress my trees are making. These are, with the exception of a Chestnut, all fruit trees; and I know of few more beautiful sights than a Crab or Pippin in bloom or fruit. If I can find room in the autumn, I mean to plant a Medlar and a Mulberry-tree. Of the former, Canon Ellacombe says:—"I never saw a Medlar that was not of a beautiful shape, and it makes a more natural tent or arbour than any other tree." That surely describes a "real want" in July.

Though shade is so important to our pleasure, we must try to maintain some open ground, and this is essential if we would grow "the fairest flowers of the

season." In many ways, the most beautiful of all garden flowers, full of associations, yielding sweetest scent of "summer spice," and of lovely and definite colours, the Carnation has long been a universal favourite. It is to be counted to our good fortune that those florists—professional and amateur — who are now working hardest at the production of new varieties of Carnations, are doing their utmost to give us kinds for the decoration of the garden, as well as specimens to figure on the show-benches. The habit of the plant is receiving attention equally with the character of the blooms. A really successful bed of Carnations must contain no weak growers, or half the beauty of the bed will be gone; abundant foliage should cover the ground allowed between the plants. It must contain only plants which carry their flowers erect, or it will give us merely a picture of a bundle of sticks and raffia (of course, an occasional stake is generally required, in which case it should be as little obvious as may be); there must be no habitual pod-bursters—although nearly every kind occasionally bursts its calyx—and, as far as possible, the kinds chosen should be free-bloomers.

Just at present, self-coloured kinds are

receiving special attention, and they are, on the whole, the most valuable in the garden; but I would by no means grow only selfs. Varieties of every class — fancies, flakes, bizarres, and Picotees — succeed in the open air, and many are very beautiful. Even yellow-grounds do well in the open in many gardens, and these are perhaps the most attractive of all. Among the most beautiful yellow-ground Carnations are Cardinal Wolsey, The Czar, The Dey, Czarina, George Cruickshank, and Brodrick; whilst Mrs. Douglas, Voltaire, Florrie Henwood, and Golden Eagle, may be taken to represent the best yellow-ground Picotees. Yellow Carnations are mentioned by both Gerard and Parkinson, and have had periodic attacks of popularity since their times. One point to bear in mind is, that they usually bloom a little later than the other classes.

I have already commenced layering, and have taken and planted some cuttings. The latter seems to be the common method of propagation adopted in America, but it is said to produce plants which bloom rather later than those from layers. This fact, if it be a fact, should be useful in obtaining a longer period of Carnation-flowerings than is usual. I have collected

a substantial pile of material for a bed which I mean to make for next year. Carnations cannot bear fresh manure, and as there is some difficulty in obtaining any quantity of top-spit, I have got together a few loads of road-scrapings, old hot bed manure, and a little leaf-mould, and mean to thoroughly incorporate these with the soil to a good depth, moderately deep planting being an important point. I want to have my bed ready and planted not later than the beginning of October, and have been deciding on the kinds I shall grow. I have made up my mind to have the bed a mixed one, and the following selection will give an idea of my list so far as I have constructed it :—Mephisto (deep crimson self), Sadek (rich rose), Miss Audrey Campbell (large primrose self), Mrs. Eric Hambro (a perfectly formed white self), Mrs. Colby Sharpin (cinnamon), The Czar (yellow-ground, margined purple), George Cruickshank (orange ground, flaked crimson), Cardinal Wolsey (yellow-ground, flaked red), Stadtrath Bail (yellow-ground edged scarlet), Master Fred (crimson bizarre), James Douglas (purple flake), Robert Lord (scarlet bizarre), Sportsman (scarlet flake), Mrs. Rowan (rose flake), and the yellow-ground Picotees above-named.

Of course, as it grows in the wild state, the Carnation does not frequent "made" beds or pots of earthenware. High up on limestone rocks, in the crevices of old castle-walls—as at Rochester, Les Andeleys and the Château Gaillard—and in like places, often apparently devoid of "soil," the Dianthus Caryophyllus lives perpetually—requiring no stakes, but hanging its rosy flowers downwards in masses visible to all. The natural habit of the Carnation should teach much to those of us who grow plants as plants, and not as show monstrosities. I mentioned last month that I proposed to plant some clumps of Daffodils among my Carnations, but I am now in doubt as to the wisdom of this course, seeing that the Carnation-bed will require a thorough re-making and re-planting every autumn, whereas the Daffodils benefit by being left alone. I now feel inclined to plant clumps of Crocuses, and early and late Tulips instead.

The summer Roses are nearly over, but the Teas are glorious. Every one of my young bushes has numerous expanded blooms or buds, but of them all I think the most beautiful is a Rose which I cannot find even mentioned in the catalogues. I bought it two years ago in a cheap lot of

"half a dozen Roses for half a crown," and to day I counted thirty-eight blooms on the little plant. The Rose to which I refer is Marie d'Orleans, which was raised fourteen years ago by MM. Nabonnaud, of Golfe-Juan. Their catalogue description of it runs: "Flowers bright rose, very large and full; the habit of the bush very vigorous; an abundant and beautiful bloomer." The colour, however, is much more than this description implies—being a beautifully bronzed red, which has not the slightest tendency to become washy as the bloom expands. The foliage (which is dark green), the reddish spines, the long buds, and the open flowers, are all beautiful, so that it seems to be one of the perfect Roses. If I am correct, why is its name absent from so many English catalogues?

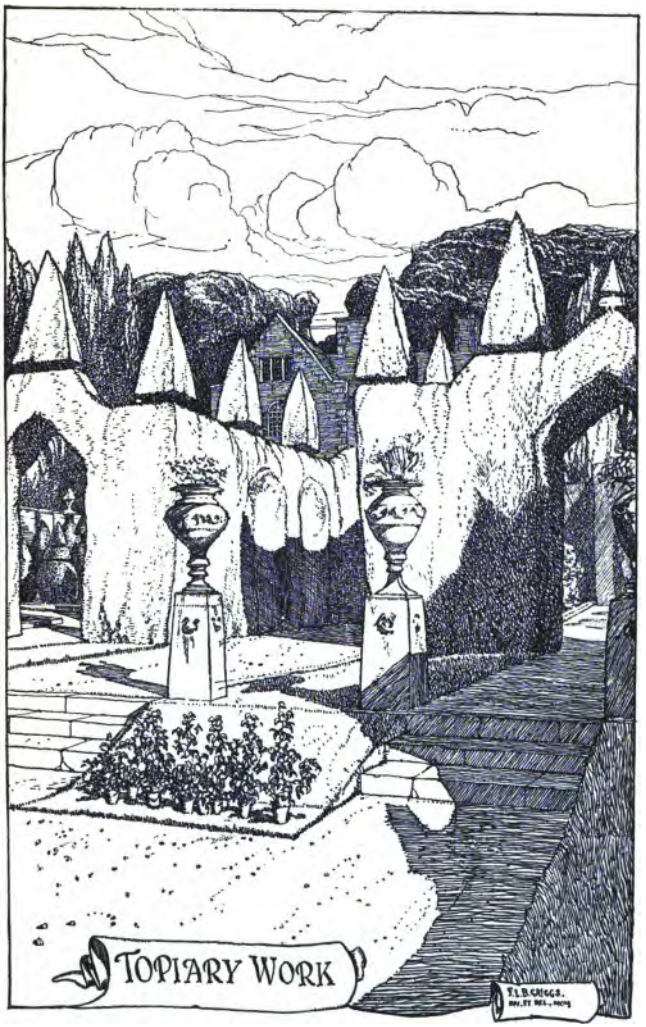
Another Rose (a hybrid Tea), which has been very satisfactory, is Marquise de Salisbury (introduced ten years ago by Léveque), a profuse bearer of most fragrant semi-double velvety-crimson Roses of rather small size. This, again, is a Rose beautiful both in the bud and fully open condition — an important and valuable characteristic when one reflects how many Rose-bushes with numerous buds, and

partly expanded flowers of great beauty, are disfigured by an equal number of fully-expanded blooms which have neither beauty of form nor colour.

Of all my Roses, however, the most continuous bloomer has been Baronne de Maynard, a hybrid Bourbon of moderate habit. It bears numerous beautiful white Roses, of purest colour and perfect form. Gloire de Dijon has not come up to my expectations: scarcely a bloom has had anything which could be called shape, but of course it is a free bloomer and is very fragrant, so that one must not grumble too much; but it is so universally recommended as *the* Rose for all purposes that one's anticipations are likely to fly a little too high. Turner's Crimson Rambler is growing vigorously over an arch, but has not bloomed this (its first) year. Madame Alfred Carrière, Maréchal Niel, Niphetos, William Allen Richardson, Bouquet d'Or and Celine Forestier are a few of the Roses I have found most satisfactory all round. The cherry-coloured Roses (such as Cheshunt Hybrid and Alfred Colomb) are very beautiful when fresh opened, but acquire a dreadful colour in the course of a day or two.

Next to Roses and Carnations, Holly-

TOPIARY WORK


TOPIARY WORK
T. L. B. CHIGGS.

hocks, Sweet Peas, and Shirley Poppies are now most noteworthy.

> . . . . a garden full of bees,
> Large dropping Poppies, and Queen Hollyhocks,

is a fair description of mine as seen at the first glance. The tall pyramids — rose, pink, white and yellow—rise high above the other plants of the border, for many of the Hollyhocks are more than nine feet high. So vigorous are they that I have not staked a single plant as yet, and no sign of "the disease" to which the "holy mallows" are subject has appeared. Seen from a little distance the handsome spires of the yellow Evening Primrose, Œnothera Lamarckiana, might easily be mistaken after sunset for great single Hollyhocks. A point with these plants is to remove the withered flowers each day, or a very untidy appearance results. The white Œnothera taraxicifolia is also a beautiful flower, opening in the evening, and is especially valuable in July, when strolls round the garden are most enjoyable after the sun has set.

The Sweet Pea hedge has been, and is, perfect. Keats' description strikes me as among the very best flower-pictures in poetry :

Here are Sweet Peas, on tip-toe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white;
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Sweet Peas require the constant picking of pods, if the flowering is to be continuous. I have just topped the hedge with the shears, and hope to induce a free new growth from the base, and abundant autumn flowering. The scent of the Sweet Peas is deliciously wafted by the breezes, so that few plants better serve to climb near arbours or garden seats.

The Lavender-spikes and "Cheerful Rosemarie," also, are beautiful and sweet possessions. What a debt we owe to the bees—which debt I have sorrily increased by stealing some forty-two sections from my hive already this season — through whose taste we are able to enjoy the fragrance of Thyme and Mint, Balm and Marjoram, Lavender and Rosemary. For all these labiate herbs are chiefly fertilised by bees, and are accordingly modelled to their liking. The curious little covering of hairs which conceals the fruits in the old fertilised flowers of the Marjoram is seen to be held back against the calyx by the corolla-tube in the flowers just opened. The object of the covering is of course to

hide the ripening seeds from graminiverous birds.

These sweet herbs used to have a much more important place in the garden than at present. It is now rare for those responsible for the care of gardens to plant herbs and bushes for their fragrance only; yet the pleasure obtainable is full as much as, though more delicate than, that yielded by beautiful flowers devoid of scent. In Elizabethan gardens, however, fragrance was counted as important as beauty, and Bacon directs the planter to grow numerous flowers and herbs that "doe best perfume the aire," and also "those which perfume the aire most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being troden upon and crushed." . . . "That is Burnet, Wilde-Time, and Watermints. Therefore, you are to set whole allies of them, to have the pleasure when you walke or tread."

Of all the herbs, Rosemary seems to have been most esteemed, and was, as of course every one knows, a symbol "for remembrance;" even as early as the fourteenth century it was considered an embodiment of all the virtues:

> This herbe is callit Rosemaryn,
> Of vertu that is gode and fyne;

> But alle the vertues tell I ne cane,
> Ne I trawe no erthely man.

I suppose we shall never take such an extreme view of the benefits of growing Rosemary as that of this writer, still the pleasures to be obtained from Mignonette and Sweet Briar, Sweet Peas, Thyme, Lavender and Rosemary, are so great that one cannot understand how it is that so few plants are grown for their perfumes alone.

AUGUST

WITHIN a mile of my house is a road whose limiting western hedge-bank is gloriously and gracefully festooned by the interlacing growth of wild Clematis—"Virgin's Bower trailing airily." It is impossible to describe its infinite grace and freedom of growth, but it always impresses me with one gardening lesson, namely, that beautiful flowers are but a part of the æsthetic product of a beautiful plant. This is a lesson which cannot be sufficiently drummed into the ears of gardeners, who for the most part concentrate all their skill and labour on the task of producing wonderful flowers—often beautiful, but frequently simply monstrous — utterly regardless of the beauty afforded by leaf and stem, and by a plant's habit of growth.

A beautiful Rose—no matter how it has been produced—is a beautiful object, but

it will not go far to help in the making of a beautiful garden unless the plant on which it grows has some of the grace and freedom of the Briar. It is as though our artists were to care only for some one feature of the human face, and, portraying that in full appreciation of its individual beauty, whilst disregarding all else, call upon us to admire their pictures of beautiful human faces. The whole of the plant is necessary for the full enjoyment of it, and in order that it may be an object of beauty, its growth must appear natural and unrestrained. This does not mean that a Rose-bush should not be pruned, and the herbaceous clumps left ever undivided, but that the more a plant can be let alone, compatibly with its health, the more beautiful will it be.

Gardeners, as a class, are by no means the best or wisest of garden critics. Like very many other people, they are apt to value a garden in proportion to the rarity of its contents, and to the amount of labour obviously bestowed on it. A painter, again, is by no means necessarily the best critic of pictures, for he, too, is led aside by technical details from an impartial view of the finished work. Too much and too intimate a knowledge of

technique is a little apt to produce that form of blindness which causes inability to see the wood for the trees.

A flower-garden has—or should have—a purely æsthetic value, and the principles which operate in the production of a good vegetable-garden do not apply. To create a series of beautiful pictures, composed of numerous objects of great individual beauty, is the legitimate aim of flower-gardening; and this aim is not compatible with a desire to outvie one's neighbours in expensive masses of glaring colours, or to win prizes at shows for flowers larger than other people's. The persons most competent to express an opinion on a garden are they who possess a certain knowledge of gardening, a considerable knowledge of plant growth, a familiarity with all sorts of gardens, and much experience in the contemplation of objects from the point of view of beauty; and it is a wise act to occasionally obtain the verdict of such on one's garden.

The weather having broken up, somewhat of a lull has occurred in my garden's flowering. The Hollyhocks and summer flowers are over, and the Dahlias, Asters, Chrysanthemums, Sunflowers, and Anemone japonica are not yet producing more

than occasional flowers. Roses and Carnations are blooming away merrily, however, and one wants little more—each offering us much variety of colour and scent; but I must abstain from saying more about these fascinating flowers. Far and away the most brilliant flower in bloom is Lobelia cardinalis, of which a couple of clumps have become well established, and are producing dozens of tall spikes of vivid scarlet blossoms. This plant requires shade and a rich soil, in order to thrive, and show its possibilities of beauty. The singular form of the individual flowers of the Lobelia at once strikes the attention. If one examines their structure, it will be seen that the five anthers have coalesced to form a tube from which, in the younger flowers near the apex of the spike, pollen may be easily pressed. Through this tube the style, with stigmatic surface concealed, gradually makes its way, pressing the pollen before it. In the older flowers, towards the spike's base, the stigmas will be found protruding from the tube (which is now empty of pollen), and exposing their papillar surfaces for fertilisation.

The Pentstemons are now at about their best, although they have been flowering for a couple of months, and will probably

continue to bloom until October. Few flowers are more useful, as their flowering period is so long and their constitution hardy. For the most part their colours are not brilliant, and are apt somewhat to pall, but, with the exception of the washed-out magenta ones, they are pleasant flowers to look upon. Of newer varieties I have grown, the best are President Carnot, purple, with white throat; Emile Deschanel, scarlet; and Mrs. F. Gordon, rose, with white throat. Still, a threepenny packet of seed will give plenty of plants with beautiful flowers, without the expense of buying named ones. I must not forget to mention the coral-coloured flowers of Pentstemon barbatus, a plant of which has been blooming for months past.

Another group of plants not as much grown as their beauty deserves they should be, are the Potentillas or Cinquefoils. Every shade of yellow, orange, and red is represented, and the plants are hardy and of the easiest culture.

By far the most important flowers of the month, however, are the autumn-flowering Phloxes, about the most valuable of the many floral beauties which North America has given us. Perfectly hardy, very floriferous, of an infinite variety of colour, and

of noble habit, Phloxes are, naturally enough, general favourites. Deeply dug soil enriched with manure, and room to grow, are the two requirements of these plants. The varieties are extremely numerous, and a complete collection would require some acres. Of the few varieties I have, the best are the lilac Eugénie Dauzanvilliers, with a large white eye; the orange-coloured Etna, the salmon and rose-tinted Molière, Leonardo da Vinci, pure white, with dark eye; and the snow-white Avalanche.

The very brilliant and conspicuous Kniphofias, Tritomas, Flame-flowers, Torch Lilies, or Red-hot Pokers, so many synonyms do they possess, are also very striking objects in the garden at present. I suppose it is much easier to grow these plants in Cornwall than in the northern counties, as mine have already grown into nice clumps, whereas, I understand, in many places they get killed by frost. Of them all, I think the grandest is Kniphofia nobilis, a variety of K. aloides, with its tall flower-stems, surmounted by immense orange-red spikes. K. Burchelli, whose flower-stem is marked with dark spots, still shows some bright red heads, with yellow bases, but it is past its best. The

dwarf K. comosa is just beginning to show its bright yellow drooping flowers, and K. serotina is showing its flower-buds, which will not open yet.

The trellis which I so recently erected is now almost covered by Tropæolum canariensis, Sweet Peas, Vegetable Marrows, and Nasturtiums. What beautiful flowers these last are! Who has seen a Nasturtium of bad or even poor colour? There are few flowers concerning which this question might safely be asked. Primroses, Phloxes, Pentstemons, even Roses, produce on occasion flowers of execrable colour. Sweet Peas, perhaps, pass the test, and, it may be, one or two other plants. The Sweet Pea hedge which I "topped" in July is now rewarding me for my sacrifice by producing as great a mass of flowers as in June. These second flowers, however, are produced on shorter stems than were the first crop.

I said that the perennial Sunflowers are only yielding a few advance blooms; but I am having a foretaste of their beauty in another North American composite, Rudbeckia Newmani, whose dark-centred yellow flowers are being produced in great profusion. This is a very hardy plant,

and, like most of the plants I grow, simply wants deep cultivation, manure, and space to develop.

The weeds are making their last struggle for the year. Among others I notice the lovely white Convolvulus, which I am reluctant to destroy, yet dare not leave alone,

> White cups, whose wine
> Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day.

Vernacular names for flowers are by no means always attractive or poetic, and it was no poet who first named this beautiful flower "Old Man's Nightcap."

Mignonette, Violas, Pansies, Campanulas, Fuchsias, Lychnis, and Snapdragons are the names of but a few of the plants now flowering. The time of preparation for next year is beginning, and we now know the extent to which we have succeeded in attaining our ideal garden for 1898.

SEPTEMBER

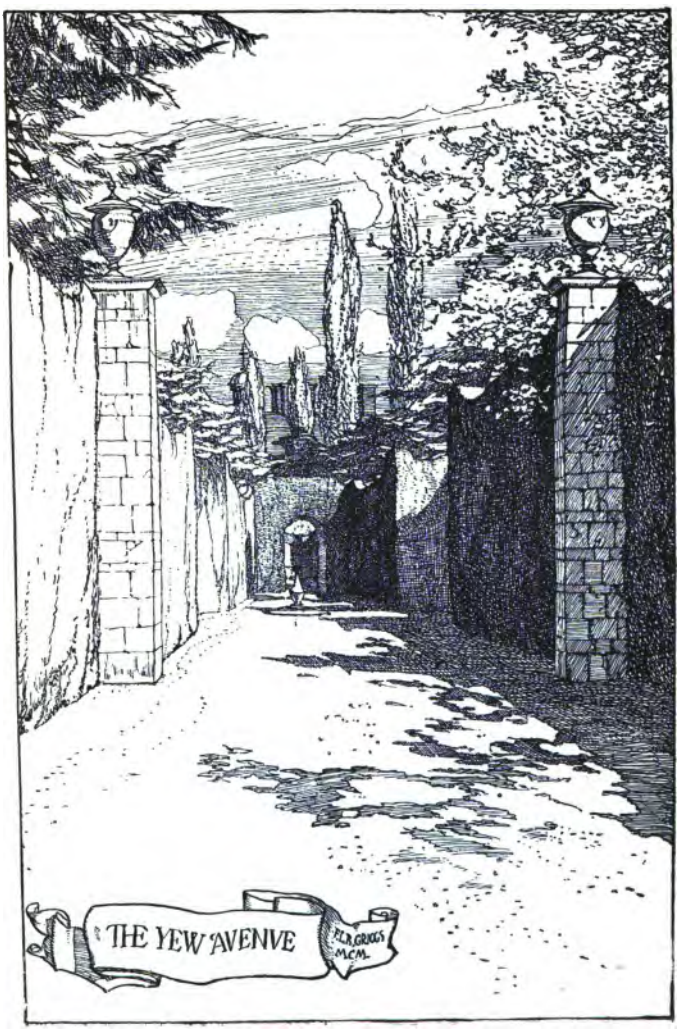
SUNFLOWERS, Michaelmas Daisies, and Dahlias, are, I suppose, the "flowers of the month"; at any rate, they are the most important flowers at present blooming in my garden. Now that the leaves are beginning to drop from trees and shrubs, the great plants of Asters and Sunflowers show up well among the bushes, and make the garden bright with yellow, orange, mauve, and white. Of the Sunflowers, perhaps the most brilliant, on account of its vigour and freedom of flowering, is Helianthus rigidus, with large brown-centred golden flowers. Its rampant growth and speedy spreading habit make it a somewhat dangerous plant to introduce very freely into the borders, as a single plant soon becomes many hundreds if left unchecked. The taller H. multiflorus is also beautiful and vigorous, and both it and its varieties are well worth growing.

H. giganteus should also be grown if room can be found for it, and in good soil it often reaches fifteen feet in height. It flowers later than the other Sunflowers, and thus prolongs their blooming season. Another late kind is the graceful Sunflower (H. orgyalis), which is too slender to bear itself erect without support, and therefore must be staked or grown among bushes. The only other species I have is H. lætiflorus, whose large yellow (and yellow-centred) flowers succeed those of H. rigidus. All these Sunflowers will grow nearly anywhere, but they are seen at their best (like most other plants) when grown in deeply-dug soil well enriched. One can then appreciate Browning's picture—

> Fancy the Pampas' sheen!
> Miles and miles of gold and green,
> Where the Sunflowers blow
> In a solid glow;
> And to break now and then the screen—
> Black neck and eyeballs keen,
> Up a wild horse leaps between.

In view of the Sunflower's nationality, it is absurd to associate it with the story of the transformation and constancy of Clytie, although most people still do so. The story is a beautiful one, and the flower worthy of the association, so that

THE YEW AVENUE


THE YEW AVENVE
P.L.R. GROVE
M.C.M.

one is tempted to say, "May the error prevail!"

It is a good sign that Michaelmas Daisies are gaining in popular attention and favour. When people can admire the comparatively insignificant yet gem-like flowers of the perennial Asters, they are on the road to salvation in matters of floral taste. A bush of Aster cordifolius, with its delicate pale mauve stars, represents an exactly opposite idea of beauty to that implied by an average geometric bed—and it is difficult to imagine how the same individual can admire these two things. By growing my Sunflowers and Michaelmas Daisies among bushes and shrubs, I do away with the necessity of formal stakes—which halve the beauty of any plant when used. Where bushy plants are grown away from shrubs and require support, I find that branching sticks (such as Pea-sticks), which can be hidden by the plant's foliage, are much less obnoxious than the ordinary straight rod to which the poor plant must be tied *en masse*.

There are so many good Michaelmas Daisies that I can do little more than name a few which have struck me as especially beautiful. The silky-leaved Starwort, A. sericeus, with deep violet flowers, is one

of the very best; as is also the lilac Himalayan Starwort, A. Thomsoni, a somewhat dwarf species, with large flowers about two inches in diameter. Other splendid kinds are A. acris, which envelops itself in a mass of soft lilac-blue; the rich violet varieties of A. Amellus (especially amelloides and bessarabicus), the dwarf, bushy A. dumosus, with myriads of small mauve blossoms; the Heath-leaved, white-flowering A. ericoides; A. Novæ-Angliæ pulchellus, and A. N. A. roseus, among the New England Starworts; and A. Novi-Belgii, F. W. Burbidge, with very large rose-lilac flowers; A. N. B. St. Brigid, A. N. B. Flora, and A. N. B. Arthur Hind, among the New Belgian varieties.

It seems hard to believe that the Cactus Dahlia was only introduced into England as recently as 1880—the year also in which the single Dahlia became popular. Previous to that time, it would appear that the show and Pompon varieties held the field. If these kinds were the only Dahlias we possessed, it is likely that, with the recent development of taste in favour of flowers of looser and lighter habit, the Dahlia would now be lightly esteemed. There is a good deal of thought engendered by reading

that in 1836 was published the *Dahlia Register*, containing over fifty coloured plates. The ups-and-downs of a flower's popularity are well exemplified by the Dahlia's career.

Of the various Cactus Dahlias, the scarlet kinds, such as gloriosa, have given me the greatest pleasure. The new single Cactus varieties I have found more useful for cutting than for decorating the garden, but that may be owing to some defect in cultivation. Dahlias like a heavier soil than mine, although I am able to grow good bushes and good flowers. There are several very beautiful colours in the single Cactus group—especially the old-gold Earl Ravenswood—among those with which I am familiar.

When one begins to look for the fire burning in the grate, one is apt to turn philosophic, and to question the value of one's labour, whether in the garden or elsewhere.

In gardening we may escape from ourselves, and here, it seems to me, lies its very greatest value—greater even than its use in enabling us to escape from our fellows. A garden is not in any sense a rival of hill and woodland; yet how increasing is the joy with which, day after

day, year after year, we walk our same old paths and see the same flowers spring up in their seasons in the same spots where they have regularly flourished before. Still, amidst all this sameness there is constant change. Every day new pictures appear, new arrangements are effected; and though the clump of Daffodils may bloom in just the same spot as before, it is much altered. The plants about it may die, and some have died, others have grown and developed; the flowers may be more or less, larger or smaller; and, in thousands of ways, small points of difference—including some in ourselves—have helped to vary the impression. This constant change amidst fixity is a great part of the secret of the garden's charm. We walk by the border seeing an old friend again blooming, and we receive a little surprise to see that it has new companions. A stroll round a garden of perennial plants is always a journey of discovery. To those who appreciate this sort of garden and gardening, such things as planting beds of Pelargoniums, carpet-bedding, and the like, are unworthy of the name of gardening. To me, gardening is a sort of applied branch of poetry, and poetry has nothing to do with gaudi-

ness, stiff formality, or ostentation. That is why I hold that a small garden is more interesting than a very large one. The individual plants cannot have the same interest, and the personal part must be a smaller one where a staff of gardeners has to be employed. We cannot take the same interest in our children when we count them by the dozen, and have to depute their care to nurses, governesses, and the like. So it is with gardening. And the more interest we are able to take in our plants and flowers, the more readily will they enable us to forget the great problems, as well as those minor worries of life which seem to harass so many foolish people.

LIBRARY

LATE AUTUMN

PREPARATIONS for next year, rather than present results, are now seasonable in the garden. Still it cannot be gainsaid that there are plenty of flowers and abundant interest. Of course, the most important flowers blooming are the semi-early Japanese Chrysanthemums, of which I have a number of varieties growing in the open borders. A few that I have specially admired are the large canary-yellow Soleil d'Octobre, with paler reverse; the chestnut Crimson Pride, with bright bronzy reverse; Beauty of Scholing, a sort of deep reddish bronze-yellow; Bronze Prince; the very dwarf Orange Child; the pure white Queen of the Earlies; and the beautiful red M. Maxime de la Rocheterie. Several of the beautiful single Chrysanthemums are beginning to open, but they will not be at their best until next month. I do not grow Chrysanthemums "as they ought

to be grown," but simply as I should any other herbaceous plant. The result is, that I do not get any monster blooms, but simply masses of flowers of about one-sixth exhibition size. Some "perfect" specimens of exhibition blooms of Japanese Chrysanthemums have just been sent me. They strike me as almost indecently vulgar, the size of the flower being the quality which monopolises the whole attention. The flower, as it seems to me, is out of all proportion to the supporting stem, and has lost as much of its grace as a Japanese Chrysanthemum can do. Coming at the time they do, when we all spend more time indoors, it is fortunate that Chrysanthemums are such splendid cut flowers, lasting for a very long time in water.

Those truly perpetual bloomers, the Tea Roses, are, even now, flowering freely. The varieties in bloom include Ma Capucine; the free-flowering, salmon-yellow Madame de Watteville, each petal of which is edged with rosy-pink; the deep straw and orange Perle des Jardins; the beautiful but little-known George Nabonnaud, with its handsome rose-red buds; Souvenir d'une Amie, with large rose-tinted blooms; and some eighteen others. Among the newer Tea Roses which I have grown,

and found worth growing, are Empress Alexandra of Russia, a free-flowering rose, coloured bronze, orange and crimson; Souvenir de Jeanne Cabaud, coloured copper, apricot and purple; a rose-flesh kind called Madame Cadeau-Ramey; Frau Geheimrath von Boch (which name would be interesting if pronounced by some country auctioneers), of a beautiful golden-cream colour; and a sport from Madame Falcot, named Emanuel Geibel.

The class of hybrid Tea Roses is rapidly growing in favour, and every year one sees more and more of these Roses grown. To my eyes they lack a very great deal of the delicate grace of the true Teas, but their value is, nevertheless, very great. The first hybrid Tea Rose was La France, which M. Guillot introduced in 1867. This very sweet Rose, with its beautiful pink and rose colouring, was one of those "chance" products of Nature's hybridisation experiments; but most, if not all, of the subsequently introduced varieties have been the result of artificial fertilisation. The delicately tinted Captain Christy, which was the second hybrid Tea, being introduced in 1874, is everywhere a favourite Rose.

I have been planting against my trellis a number of climbing Roses, and also a

selection of Vines, Clematises, and other climbers. A species of Vine with which I have been much taken is Vitis heterophylla humulifolia, with its markedly lobed leaves, and beautiful blue fruits. This Vine was introduced from China about 1870, but does not appear to be much grown as yet. All the Vines, however, are worth growing for their foliage, if space can be spared for them. The beautiful race of Clematises deserves a volume to itself. The different species bloom from March to December, and every shade of colour from white to blue, from yellow to scarlet, is represented. In the matter of scent, too, few flowers possess a sweeter fragrance than Clematis flammula, the wild Clematis of Southern Europe. This species and the hedge Clematis (C. vitalba), or Traveller's Joy of our English hedges, are the two best known species, and, until some forty years ago, were, with C. viticella, almost the only kinds grown. About that time, however, the Japanese and Chinese species were introduced, and English gardeners were made familiar with the azurea, patens, montana, and lanuginosa species. Of these the most important is C. lanuginosa, which was sent to England by Fortune in 1850. The flowers are

very large, lilac-coloured, and star-shaped, and are produced during the four months, June to September.

Although often inferior to the species from which they are derived, yet it is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the numerous beautiful hybrid Clematises which have been produced. Of them all, perhaps the popular favourite is C. Jackmanni, with its deep, velvety, purplish-violet flowers; and it is itself the parent of a whole group of varieties. The treatment of most of the Clematises is simple. They are satisfied with ordinary garden soil, and require merely a little shelter, plenty of air and light, and some support to climb. The different sections require pruning in different ways. The plants of the Jackmanni, viticella, lanuginosa, and cœrulea odorata sections require to be cut in the winter well back to the old wood, as they bloom on the shoots of the current year; on the other hand, the florida, patens, and montana sections should be pruned as little as possible, as they flower on the previous year's wood. Of the outdoor kinds, C. patens and C. montana are the first to bloom, and the Jackmanni and lanuginosa sections carry on the flowering till late autumn.

But enough. Gardeners are naturally garrulous on the subject of gardening, and, when they begin to discourse of their favourites, the lay auditor needs much patience. I will therefore say no more about my garden and my plants and my gardening work. I have made no attempt in these pages to write a "handbook of gardening," or to attain any sort of completeness; for are not these already provided in the invaluable writings of Robinson and others? I have simply written down, month by month, the plain chronicle of events which have occurred in the little garden I have tended. From gardening I have obtained nothing but pleasure—the little set-backs produced by weather and other causes, serving but to throw into brighter relief the floral successes which would otherwise be too monotonously sure. I have plucked this infinite amount of pleasure from a garden the least promising, thus showing that (as in every other concern) the pleasure to be gained is dependent more on our attitude than on our conditions. Scarcely a bit of ground exists in England which cannot be made to grow some beautiful flowers; and, whilst I have often wished that my garden were larger and different in a dozen ways, I am

at last convinced that a small garden can be made to yield fully as much entertainment as a large one, and much more than a garden which is too large for one's personal management. One has but to read Reynold Hole's "Book about Roses" to realise the possibilities of the most unpromising gardens. If one cannot have lawns and shrubberies, one may yet grow Roses and Clematises, and Carnations and Chrysanthemums; and I have seen a wonderful collection of the most beautiful Alpine plants grown successfully in what was, originally, little more than a backyard.

It is in the neighbourhood of large towns that a garden has perhaps its greatest value, and here the gardener is indeed put on his mettle. Yet, and this is the one and only lesson which I wish to convey, even he need not by any means despair of successful gardening.

WORKS ON GARDENING

LIST OF WORKS ON GARDENING

AMONG the modern works with which the author is familiar, he has found the following of greatest service:

Robinson's "English Flower Garden."
Robinson's "Hardy Flowers."
Robinson's "Wild Garden."
Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening."
Cottage Gardener's Dictionary.
Thompson's "Gardeners' Assistant."
Vilmorin's "Vegetable Garden."
Barron's "Vines and Vine Culture."
Hole's "Our Gardens."
Hole's "Book about Roses."
Warner's "My Summer in a Garden."
Bright's "Year in a Lancashire Garden."
Ellacombe's "In a Gloucestershire Garden."
Watson's "Flowers and Gardens."
Ellwanger's "The Garden's Story."
Amherst's "History of Gardening in England."
Earle's "Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden."
Jekyll's "Wood and Garden."
Hobday's "Villa Gardening."

WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS

WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS

THE following list is merely a suggestive one. It might be made much longer, but it includes the names of a large number of plants which bloom in England in the open air during the winter months. Of course, locality, season, and other causes so act as to make the list merely approximately accurate. I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. W. J. Bean for his note on winter-flowering shrubs in *The Garden* for January 8, 1898.

NOVEMBER

Achillea sibirica.
Aster (various).
Chrysanthenum uliginosum.
Eomecon chionanthus.
Gynerium argenteum (and varieties).
Helianthus orgyalis.
Helleborus (various species and varieties).
Myosotis azorica.
Polygonum amplexicaule.
Pyrethrum parthenifolium aureum.
Sedum spectabile.
Correa cardinalis.
Daphne Mezereum.
Hamamelis virginica.
Fatsia japonica.
Jasminum nudiflorum.
Lonicera fragrantissima.
Lonicera Standishi.
Elæagnus pungens.
Elæagnus glabra.
Arbutus hybrida.

The Chronicle of

DECEMBER

Chrysanthenum uliginosum.
Eomecon chionanthus.
Helleborus (various species and varieties).
Myosotis azorica.
Correa cardinalis.
Erica mediterranea.
Cratægus monogyna præcox.
Jasminum nudiflorum.
Lonicera fragrantissima.
Lonicera Standishi.
Daphne mezereum.

JANUARY

Arabis albida variegata.
Cyclamen coum.
Helleborus (various species and varieties).
Myosotis azorica.
Myosotis dissitiflora.
Saxifraga afghanica.
Tussilago fragrans.
Correa cardinalis.
Primroses.
Iris Histrio.
Iris Bakeriana.
Iris stylosa.
Chimomanthus fragrans.
Fuchsia microphylla.
Convolvulus cucorum.
Veronica Bidwilli (and others).
Daphne oleoides.
Daphne mezereum.
Crocus imperati.
Crocus vitellinus.
Snowdrops.
Solanum arboreum.
Eranthis hyemalis.
Clematis calycina.
Erica carnea.
Viburnum tinus.
Garrya elliptica.
Jasminum nudiflorum.
Lonicera fragrantissima.
Lonicera Standishi.

FEBRUARY

Eranthis hyemalis.
Chionodoxa (various).
Tritelia uniflora.
Crocus (various).
Galanthus (various).
Hepatica (various).
Primroses (various).
Iris reticulata.
Iris persica.
Leucojum vernum.
Megasea cordifolia.
Muscari (various).

Scilla bifolia.
Scilla amœna.
Saxifraga luteo-purpurea.
Saxifraga Burseri.
Saxifraga coriophylla.
Violets (various).
Narcissi (various).
Anemone angulosa.
Anemone coronaria.
Anemone hepatica.
Anemone blanda.
Arabis albida variegata.
Aubrietia (various).
Corydalis cava.
Cyclamen ibericum.
Cyclamen coum.
Helleborus (various species and varieties).
Myosotis dissitiflora.
Saxifraga afghanica.
Tussilago fragrans.
Erica mediterranea.
Rhododendron altaclerense.
Rhododendron dauricum.
Rhododendron dauricum atrovirens.
Rhododendron Nobleanum.
Rhododendron parvifolium.
Rhododendron præcox.
Cornus mascula.
Cornus officinalis.
Hamamelis arborea.
Hamamelis japonica.
Hamamelis japonica Zuccariniana.
Cydonia japonica.
Prunus Davidiana.
Berberis nepalensis.
Daphne oleoides.
Daphne mezereum.
Daphne mezereum flore albo.
Daphne laureola.
Lonicera fragrantissima.
Lonicera Standishi.
Jasminum nudiflorum.
Clematis calycina.
Erica carnea.
Erica carnea alba.
Ulex europæus.
Berberis Mahonia.

MARCH

Narcissi (various).
Fritillaries (various).
Muscari.
Wallflowers.
Primroses.
Anemones (various).
Adonis vernalis.
Arabis alpina (and varieties).
Arabis albida variegata.
Aubrietia (various).
Cheiranthus Cheiri.
Cheiranthus Marshalli.
Cheiranthus mutabilis.

Chronicle of Cornish Garden

Corydalis cava.
Cyclamen coum.
Dicentra eximea.
Dicentra spectabilis.
Doronicum austriacum.
Doronicum plantagineum excelsis.
Funkia subcordata.
Helleborus (various species and varieties).
Iberis correæfolia.
Iberis sempervirens.
Lamium maculatum.
Myosotis dissitiflora.
Myosotis palustris.
Oenothera speciosa.
Omphalodes verna.
Orobus verum.
Phlox ovata.
Sedum acre.
Saxifraga Cordifolia.
Saxifraga Crassifolia.
Saxifraga Oppositifolia.
Saxifraga Oppositifolia alba.
Saxifraga Rosularis.
Veratrum nigrum.
Lonicera fragrantissima.
Lonicera Standishi.
Clematis calycina.
Erica carnea.
Erica carnea (var. alba).
Erica mediterranea.
Forsythia suspensa.
Forsythia intermedia.
Rhododendron fulgens.
Rhododendron Thomson.
Nuttalia cerasiformis.
Daphne Blagayana.
Dirca palustris.
Populus tremula.
Populus tremuloides pendula.
Parrottia persica.
Stachyurus præcox.
Pieris floribunda.
Pieris japonica.
Corylopsis spicata.
Salix Smithiana.
Akebia quinata.
Arbutus Andrachne.
Cassandra calyculata.
Prunus amygdalus persicoides.
Ulex europæus.

BORDER-PLANTS

A FEW GOOD TALLEST BORDER-PLANTS

Hollyhocks.
Delphiniums.
Pæonies.
Aconitum napellus.
Aconitum autumnale.
Rudbeckia maxima.
Rudbeckia laciniata.
Doronicum plantagineum excelsum.
Digitalis.
Tritomas.
Campanula macrantha.
Campanula pyramidalis.
Galega officinalis alba.
Phlox (in variety).
Spiræa aruncus.
Helianthus (in variety).

A FEW GOOD TALL BORDER-PLANTS

Anemone japonica alba.
Aquilegias (in variety).
Papaver orientale.
Iris germanica.
Lilium candidum.
Achillea ptarmica pl.
Dicentra spectabilis.
Scabiosa caucasica.
Campanula persicifolia.
Campanula latifolia alba.
Campanula Van Houttei.
Campanula turbinata.

Primula japonica.
Coreopsis.
Carnations.
Helleborus niger.
Helleborus orientale.
Adonis vernalis.
Alstroemeria.
Erigeron speciosus.
Montbretias.
Gladioli.
Pentstemons.
Lobelia cardinalis.
Asters.
Chrysanthemums.
Geum chiloense.
Marguerites.

A FEW GOOD DWARF BORDER-PLANTS

Veronica prostrata.
Veronica saxatilis.
Veronica rupestris.
Silene Schafta.
Silene acaulis.
Silene alpestris.
Campanula isophylla.
Campanula pulla.
Campanula turbinata.
Campanula carpatica.
Campanula pumila.
Campanula pelvifornis.
Hepatica (various)
Aubrietia (various).
Primula rosea.
Primula vulgaris.
Primula Sieboldi.
Primula nivalis.
Anemone apeninna.
Anemone blanda.
Anemone coronaria.
Anemone fulgens.
Anemone nemorosa.
Dianthus alpina.
Dianthus deltoides.
Dianthus plumarius.
Gentiana acaulis.
Gentiana verna.
Iberis coriæfolia.
Iberis sempervirens.
Phlox amœna.
Phlox subulata.
Auricula (alpine varieties).
Cyclamen (various).
Viola pedata.
Viola (various, violas and pansies).
Papaver nudicaule.
Cistus (various).
Helianthenum (various).

a Cornish Garden

Alyssum (various).
Fritillaria (various).
Crocus (various).
Galanthus (various).
Narcissus (various).
Tulipa (various).
Scilla (various).
Iris (various).
Leucojum (various).
Chionodoxa (various).
Eranthis hyemalis.

HINTS ON ROCK-GARDENS

HINTS ON CONSTRUCTING A SMALL ROCK-GARDEN

1. THE objects of the stone are to retain moisture for the roots, and at the same time to keep the stem of the plant dry.

2. A rock-garden should not be a garden of rocks; but should be used merely to provide the most suitable home for certain plants.

3. Use only rough pieces of stone, preferably the stone of the locality; carefully avoiding burnt bricks, burrs, shells, &c.

4. Build up with soil, merely placing the stones on the soil as you proceed. Be careful to have no spaces in the building. Be sure that every plant's roots can pursue their courses through almost unlimited *soil.*

5. Let the surface rocks be partially buried in the soil, so that they may appear to be a natural outcrop of stone.

6. A "rockery" should be broad and with little exposure at the sides, not high and pointed.

7. Plant suitable plants only, avoiding coarse growing and rampant kinds which will soon overrun the more delicate species.

8. Providing the rockery is well constructed with abundance of suitable and moderately rich soil, the exposure to the sun should be complete.

Chronicle of Cornish Garden

A FEW GOOD ROCK-PLANTS

Acæna microphylla.
Acantholimon venustum.
Achillea tomentosa.
Androsace carnea.
Androsace Laggeri.
Androsace sarmentosa.
Alyssum alpestre.
Anemone apennina.
Anemone Robinsoniana.
Anemone vernalis.
Arenaria balearica.
Arenaria cæspitosa-aurea.
Aster alpinus.
Aubrietra Hendersoni.
Aubrietra Leichtlini.
Calystegia pubescens.
Campanula fragilis.
Campanula pulla.
Campanula Waldensteiniana.
Campanula alpina.
Campanula pumila.
Campanula turbinata.
Cistus florentinus.
Crucianella stylosa.
Cyclamen Atkinsii alba.
Cyclamen repandum.
Cypripedium acaulis.
Cypripedium spectabile.
Cypripedium calceolus.
Dianthus alpinus.
Dianthus deltoides.
Draba aizoides.
Dodecathon meadia.
Epilobium obcordatum.
Erinus alpinus.
Gentiana acaulis.
Gentiana verna.
Gentiana cruciata.
Hepatica (various).
Iris reticulata.
Linaria Cymbalaria.
Myosotis alpestris.
Phlox ovata.
Phlox Nelsoni.
Phlox setacea.
Primula minima.
Primula villosa.
Primula viscosa.
Primula marginata.
Saxifraga aizoides.
Saxifraga Andrewsii.
Saxifraga burseriana cerato-phylla.
Saxifraga longifolia.
Saxifraga oppositifolia.
Sedum glaucum.
Sedum Sieboldii.
Sempervivum arachnoideum.
Sempervivum californicum.
Silene acaulis.
Silene alpestris.
Silene Schafta.
Thymus lanuginosus.
Thymus serpyllum coccineus.
Veronica saxatilis.
Veronica prostrata.

ROOM-PLANTS

A FEW PLANTS FOR ROOMS

PALMS—
- Cocos Weddelliana.
- Kentia Belmoreana.
- Corypha australis.
- Rhapis flabelliformis.
- Phœnix tenuis.
- Areca Baueri.

Asparagus plumosa.
Asparagus procumbens.
Dracæna fragrans.
Dracæna australis.
Hydrangea hortensis variegata.
Bambusa falcata.
Pandanus Veitchii.
Ferns (in variety).

HARDY FRUITS

A FEW OF THE BEST VARIETIES OF HARDY FRUITS

Mainly as determined by a plebiscite of experts, vide *Royal Horticultural Society's Journal*, vol. xiii. part 3.

APPLES

Devonshire Quarrenden.	Blenheim Orange.
Worcester Pearmain.	Peasgood's Nonsuch.
Cox's Pomona.	Lane's Prince Albert.
King of the Pippins.	Lord Derby.
Cox's Orange Pippin.	Bismarck.

PEARS

Pitmaston Duchess.	Beurre Diel.
Marie Louise.	Winter Nelis.
Doyenne du Comice.	Williams' Bon Crétien.

PLUMS

Rivers' Prolific.	Pond's Seedling.
Victoria.	Rivers' Monarch
Greengage.	

CHERRIES

Elton Heart.	Waterloo.
Rivers' Early.	Kentish Bigarreau.

GOOSEBERRIES

Whinham's Industry.
Lancashire Lad.
Crown Bob.
Early Sulphur.
Golden Drop.
Green Gascoigne.
Ironmonger.
Whitesmith.
Greengage.
White Champagne.
Red Champagne.
Warrington.
Pitmaston Greengage.
Rifleman.

CURRANTS

Red Dutch.
White Dutch.
Ruby Castle.
Lee's Prolific.

RASPBERRIES

Carter's Prolific.
Superlative.
Hornet.
Fastolf.
Yellow Antwerp.
Red Antwerp.
October Red.

STRAWBERRIES

Vicomtesse Héricart de Thury.
St. Joseph.
Keen's Seedling.
King of the Earlies.
Royal Sovereign.
Latest of All.
La Grosse Sucrée.
Sir Joseph Paxton.
President.
Dr. Hogg.
Waterloo.
British Queen.

BEE-KEEPING

A FEW HINTS TO COMMENCING BEE-KEEPERS

1. Buy Cowan's "Bee-keeper's Guide Book."

2. Buy a bar-frame hive from a reliable maker (Meadows, Syston, Leicester; Walton, Newark; Blow, Welwyn, are among those known to the author)—a good serviceable hive is Meadows' cottager's hive (price 8/6). Paint this hive with three coats of light-coloured paint.

3. Buy a rapid feeder, a Bingham smoker, and a wire veil.

4. To each hive buy also one crate of sections (with split top) or one rack of shallow frames, one and a half pounds of thick foundation for standard frames, one pound of thin foundation for sections or shallow frames, and a coil of thin wire.

5. Before getting any bees, thoroughly study Cowan's book and also take a few lessons from a practical bee-keeper who uses only bar-frame hives.

6. Never be tempted to keep bees in any other than bar-frame hives.

7. Always manipulate the bees quietly and gently, avoiding any sudden movement even if stung.

8. Feed liberally when feeding is indicated, and never be afraid of keeping your bees too warm. Cold is fatal, so be liberal with your carpeting, flannel, &c.

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